

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

MR. JOHN STANHOPE ARKWRIGHT, M.P., author of a volume of poems called *The Last Muster*, has entered into partnership with Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. The title of the firm will remain unchanged.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "A reading of Mr. Conrad's and Mr. Hueffer's new novel, *The Inheritors*, suggests that a very good subject, *The Collaborators*, remains to be handled by some clever writer. There are probably twenty-five methods of collaboration. But it is safe to say that the public's innocent picture of Mr. 'A' writing one set of chapters and Mr. 'B' another set, and the whole being sandwiched together by joint agreement, is the method of romance. As to *The Inheritors*, perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we take it that the younger author contributes the central idea, the plot, and general situation, and first works out the various scenes in the rough, and that the elder man, bringing his experience of life and insight to bear, by a series of slight touches, recastings, and deletions, gives the whole book that style, intention, and atmosphere which the public has already seized in his former works as defining his judgment of life."

THE "Local Notes and Queries" column of the *Nottinghamshire Guardian* has run longer than any other such feature in a provincial newspaper. The conductor throughout this run of more than twenty-one years and a-half has been Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S., City Librarian of Nottingham, and the editor of "The Bibelots." That gentleman will close his long connection with the newspaper mentioned at the close of this month.

UNDER the heading, "Counsel in Season," Mr. Max Beerbohm discourses on holiday reading in the August *Pall Mall Magazine*. After much expansion and some paradox, he offers the reader his private "tip." It is this:

There is one author on whom you may rely implicitly. I refer to him of whom, throughout the past twenty years or so, the reviewers, with one accord, have been predicating that "he always writes like a gentleman." A monotonous chorus? But, indeed, there is nothing else for the poor reviewers to say. They cannot say "he writes like a profoundly thoughtful gentleman," or "like a foolish gentleman," or "like a witty gentleman," or "like a dull gentleman." Indeed, "gentlemanly" is the only epithet they could well apply to him, and that were tautological. If you have read one of Mr. Norris's novels, you will admit that it responded exactly to all the negative requirements of the holiday mood. And you may take my word for it that all his other novels are of precisely the same kind—not better, not worse, and neither bad nor good. . . . In a garden, or on the deck of a ship, or on the terrace of a casino—wherever you be lolling, hale and hearty, away from your usual environment—these, I assure you, are the very books you need, and are the only books you need.

"SOCIETY CROAKERS" is the title of Article VIII. in the *Quarterly Review*. We turned with some interest to see the books that were reviewed under that title. They are:

A Portion of a Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847. Two vols. London: Longmans, 1858.
Greville Memoirs. Second Series (1837 to 1852). Three vols. London: Longmans, 1885.

A Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess of Teck. By C. Kinloch Cooke. Two vols. London: John Murray, 1900.

Notes from a Diary (1851 to 1891). By Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. Ten vols. London: John Murray, 1897-1901.

Notes from my Journal. By the late Lord Ossington. London: John Murray, 1900.

Seventy Years in Westminster. By the late Rt. Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P. Edited by his daughter. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1901.

One, it will be observed, was published in 1858, another in 1885.

"I HAPPENED to turn up the other day," says "O. O." in the *Sketch*, "Mr. Henley's criticism of *The Return of the Native*, published in the ACADEMY at the time when it first appeared, in 1879. Mr. Henley complains that in all Mr. Hardy's work 'there is a certain Hugoesque quality of insincerity, that, rare artist as he is, there is something wanting in his personality, and he is not quite a great man.' *The Return of the Native* Mr. Henley pronounces 'not by any means so good a book as *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. The story is a sad one, but the sadness is unnecessary and uncalled for. In one scene—the scene where Clym is informed of the way of his mother's death—Mr. Hardy rises to the situation, and does nobly. But elsewhere he is only excessively clever and earnest and disappointing.' I imagine," adds "O. O.," "that very few critics, perhaps not even Mr. Henley himself, would now subscribe to this judgment."

MR. H. C. MARILLIER has written an account of University journalism. It will be called *University Magazines and their Makers*.

THE first volume of Messrs. Dent's edition of Hazlitt, containing, in addition to Mr. Henley's introduction, "The Round Table," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "A Letter to William Gifford, Esq.," will be published in October, and it is hoped that the whole work will be completed in twelve monthly volumes.

THE new number of the *Revue de Paris* contains a story by Mr. Frank Harris called "Profits et Pertes." It begins: "Le grand magasin de tissus en tous genres était silencieux et plein d'ombre." But the French, we discovered later, is not Mr. Harris's. A note at the end says: "Traduit de l'anglais par Henry D. Davray."

WE understand that Messrs. Meehan, the Bath booksellers, have in contemplation the early publication of an important work on *The Famous Houses of Bath and*

District. The work is the result of many years' labour and investigation on the part of Mr. J. F. Meehan, who has spared neither time nor expense in collecting together material for what must ultimately be a most important local publication. Bath and the immediate neighbourhood teem with recollections of historic personages who have dwelt therein, and Mr. Meehan has consequently compiled what is likely to be an invaluable work of local reference and general interest. The work will have an appreciative introduction by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and will be strictly limited to 500 copies. A good proportion of the edition has been already privately subscribed for, the subscribers including many distinguished names.

AN Italian journalist recently had a conversation with M. Zola. A portion of the interview has been telegraphed to the *Daily News* by that journal's Naples correspondent, from which we take the following:

"I do not believe in absolute felicity, which is not attainable; but I believe that all social injustices might be attenuated, and, therefore, I trust to science to create a sentiment of truth. I have a great veneration for Tolstoy, but I do not agree with him on one important point. He rests on the Gospel. Now, the Gospel is also to me very beautiful, but I believe that future morality must be founded on scientific psychology. The *Affaire* has taught me that it is necessary to reconstruct the moral question from its very base, and my next romance, *Vérité*, will tend to that. In it I shall study primary and secondary instruction in France. I shall be active between pupils and masters, and shall explain my ideas on the education problem. In the first part I shall describe the sad effects of present-day education; in the second, education as it ought to be. My next work will be *Justice*. It will treat of a judicial error; but I shall try not to make any allusion to the *Affaire*. The action will not take place in military circles. It will give me a motive to show my supreme ideal—the end of war, the victory of the spirit of justice over militarism, the United States of Europe, the dream of Victor Hugo. You will be astonished that I join Hugo," M. Zola said, laughing. "I am, perhaps, more romantic than you thought."

THE popular novel is being studied with great interest by critics who love it not but recognise its significance. A writer in the new *Quarterly*, who takes *The Christian*, *The Master Christian*, and that clever book, *Colloquies of Criticism*, and other works, as his text, remarks that the relation between the merit of novels and their popularity has never been so anomalous and so independent of literary standards as it is in England to-day. He proceeds to inquire into the relation which has usually subsisted in the past between merit and popularity, and comes to the following useful, though familiar, conclusion: That "though literature of certain kinds may possess within its own limits the highest and most lasting merit, and may yet appeal only to a small and exclusive circle, the greatest literature of all, while appealing to the best judges, appeals to the mass of ordinary readers also, and shows its degree of greatness by the extent that it does so." Until recently these conditions held, and Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot swayed alike the critics and the multitude:

Now let us compare the past condition with the present. To events of the kind of which we are about to speak it is impossible to assign any exact date; but we may say with sufficient accuracy that about twenty years ago a change began to come over the public taste, which has, year by year since then, been growing more marked and remarkable, until now, to many observers, it seems nothing short of a revolution. Putting aside that enormous majority of novels which secure little attention either from the few or the many, and confining ourselves to those which, to some appreciable degree, have gained the approval of one class or the other, we shall find the peculiar characteristic of the existing situation to be this: that whereas formerly the novels which had most

readers were those which, in the opinion of all competent judges, were the best, those which notoriously have the most readers now are those which, in the opinion of all competent judges, are among the worst: that others, which all competent judges place highest as literature amongst the works of existing novelists, are, of the contemporary novels which can be called popular at all, those whose popularity is confined to the narrowest circle; whilst between these two groups there is another composed of novels, incomparably better, but very much less popular, than the worst; and incomparably worst, but very much more popular, than the best.

HAVING pointed out that in all the great novelists we find profound and accurate knowledge of life or a part of life, sympathetic insight, and some quality of philosophic thought, the writer proceeds to examine the two novels already named. Their fate at his hands may be guessed. In summing up their authors' achievements, he says:

Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine have, in fact, to a remarkable degree, the talents which enable the story-teller to entertain and excite the partially educated in their lighter moments, combined with an assumption of the profoundest knowledge of the subjects in regard to which such readers are most curious in their more serious moods. The same combination of talents may be seen in the "cheap Jack" at a fair, who first attracts a crowd by his eloquence and then sells sovereigns at a shilling, and five-shilling knives for sixpence. There is genuine talent in his persuasiveness, though there is no value in his wares.

We thus see that, though the most popular novels of the present day are signally deficient in any one of those qualities which make the works of great novelists great, they undoubtedly possess certain of the lower qualities without which no great novels would be popular, combined with qualities which, although they are in reality of minor importance, are mistaken for the highest and greatest by a vast and half-educated public. We are, therefore, brought after all to the reassuring conclusion that the literary instincts of the public are still, in themselves, normal; and the greatest novels would still be the most popular if it were not for this fact, that the majority of novel-readers to-day happen to belong to a new and unexampled class, which has not as yet acquired the taste and knowledge that might enable it to discover what greatness in literature is.

In conclusion, the *Quarterly* reviewer fixes on the conversion of the reading public in England "from what was once an aristocracy into a huge heterogeneous democracy," as the great explanatory fact. He adds that the saviours of fiction will be found among those novelists who can resist the demoralising influences which such a public presents, and also those who have been rendered by circumstances independent of its pecuniary patronage.

IN an article in the July *North American Review*, Mr. W. D. Howells pursues a train of thought suggested to him by a perusal of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*. He is led to see, or think he sees, certain special differences between English and American fiction, and these he endeavours to state. We have not space to quote them in full, still less to show how Mr. Howells derives his ideas from *Eleanor*, but the following suggestive passage will serve to show his tone of thought:

The usual incidents of fiction have not, in the best American novelists, been the prime concern, but the subliminal effect of those incidents. Love itself, which is the meat and drink of fiction, is treated less as a passionate than as a psychological phenomenon.

Long ago the more artistic of our novelists perceived that the important matter was not what the lovers suffered or enjoyed in getting married, or whether they got married at all or not, but what sort of man and maid their love found them out to be, and how, under its influence, the mutual chemistry of their natures interacted.

All the problems, in any case, are incomparably simplified for the English novelist by the definite English conditions. One can no longer call them fixed; but they are still definite, and in a certain way character proceeds from them—the character of a gentleman, a business man, an artisan, a servant, a labourer.

Each of these has his being in a way so different from the others, that he is a definitely different creature; and when through some chance, some perverse mixture of the elements, the conditions are traversed, and the character bred of one shows itself in another, it has a stronger relief from the alien background.

But, ordinarily, the Englishman feels, thinks, and acts from his class; when you name his class you measurably state him; and you have rather to do with what he does than with what he is. The result in fiction is a multiplicity of incidents and persons; you have breadth rather than depth.

Possibly we touch here a fundamental variance of the English and American life. In former times we Americans were accused of being curious, over-curious, of being insatiable and impertinent questioners of strangers. It may be, however, that we were not so, but that the most penetrating difference between us and the English is that they are social and we are personal.

Their talk is of incidents; ours of interests. Their denser life, we will say, satisfies them with superficial contrasts, while in our thinner and more homogeneous society the contrasts that satisfy are subliminal. This theory would account for their breadth and our depth without mortifying the self-love of either, which I should like to spare in our case if not in theirs.

Our personality is the consequence of our historic sparsity, and it survives beyond its time because the nature of our contiguity is still such as to fix a man's mind strongly upon himself, and to render him restless till he has ascertained how far all other men are like him. We are prodigiously homogeneous, though in the absence of classification we seem so chaotic. We shall change, probably, and then the character of our fiction, our art of representing life, will change too. Very likely it will become more superficial and less subliminal; it will lose in depth as it gains in breadth. As yet, its attempts to be broad, to be society fiction, have resulted in a shallowness which is not suggestive of breadth.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE has been warbling, in the *New York Journal Saturday Review*, about the Summer Girl:

What was she reading, the Summer Girl,
As she sat there alone by the sea?
Was it Shakespeare, or Dante,
Guido Cavalcanti?
Or a novel by you—or by me?

What was she reading, the Summer Girl,
As she laid down her book in the sand?
Was it Caine or Corelli,
Or perhaps Mrs. Ella
Wheeler Wilcox, that slipped from her hand?
Etc.

FROM the same paper we gather some particulars about the Summer Author. He is beginning to be parographed on both sides of the Atlantic. The Summer Author is the author who has done well during the winter, and is now lying in a hammock. It is deemed most important that the public should know where its literary entertainers are during July and August, and how they are being tanned and ripened for the next book market. In Boston, particularly, they believe in literature by sequestration. Compare the following with all you remember of Oliver Goldsmith:

The best selling book in Boston during the past month was *A Carolina Cavalier*, by George Cary Eggleston. It is like the story of *Eben Holden* over again. Two years ago Irving Bacheller got a leave of absence from his New York paper, sequestered himself in the woods up in New York State, and soon blossomed forth as the most popular author of the day.

It is only about a year ago that Mr. Eggleston was in the grind of metropolitan newspaper work. It is not known that he even had the opportunity of sequestering himself in order to write his book. It was brought out last spring by the Lothrop's, of Boston, the publishers of *Eben Holden*, and the sales of *A Carolina Cavalier* have been increasing every month.

Mr. Eggleston now has the luxury of spending an entire Summer at Lake George, far away from the hot, bustling editorial rooms on Park Row. But it is not an idle luxury that Mr. Eggleston is enjoying this Summer. He is too well trained a newspaper man for that. He is now writing a book for boys and a romance of the Civil War.

Again, we read:

Col. Charles Ledyard Norton, the popular writer of boys' books, is passing the Summer in a most delightful way at Sandwich, on Cape Cod. In his spare time, between chapters of his new book of adventure about the Barbary War, he is building a houseboat. He expects to live in it the latter part of the Summer and be towed from point to point along the New England coast.

Who wouldn't be an author?

A VERY fine copy of the First Folio Shakespeare has just changed hands at Christie's. The copy measures 12½ in. by 8½ in., and it is practically perfect. The *Daily News* thus describes its condition and its sale: "No letter of text is lacking; and, but for the bottom corners of four leaves being slightly repaired, and the portrait after Droeshout rubbed in places, its condition is good, though not so good, perhaps, as that of the 1899 example. On the other hand, its value is decreased by reason of the modern morocco binding. The opening offer of £500—more than it was worth thirty years ago—came from Messrs. Pickering; then one of £800 from Mr. Quaritch. By Messrs. Hornstein, Sabin, and others it was carried to £1,500. Thereafter the contest was between Pickering and Quaritch. Although in 1899 the late Mr. Bernard Quaritch wrote that the copy which then brought £1,700 was worth no more than £1,100, his son was yesterday the final bidder at £1,720—a record sum. An astute collector declared that if the finer 1899 example were again offered, £2,000 would hardly purchase it."

PROF. RICHARD LODGE, of Edinburgh University, has issued, through Mr. James Thin, of that city, the text of the lecture which he delivered last October at the inauguration of the Fraser Professorship of Ancient History and Palaeography. The student, he said, "should desire to have a wide outlook over History as a whole; no part of the story of human progress or decline should be a complete blank to him. But he should also make a minute study of some particular period or subject, tracing his knowledge back to the original sources, and subjecting them to the most minute examination. Without such an intensive study of some part of History, his mastery of the general course of History will always be somewhat superficial and unreal, and the value of one such piece of original work to his wider reading will be inestimable. It will give him a keenness of insight and a security of judgment unattainable in any other way."

MR. G. S. STREET has been applying these principles by a careful examination of the old Betting Books at Brooks's Club, and he publishes his "finds" in the *North American Review*. They are of great interest. The entries are all contained in one book the size of an ordinary thick notebook. "It was a joy to me," says Mr. Street, "to observe the various handwritings—the easy, rapid writing of men who wrote a good deal; the clumsy, laborious writing of fingers more familiar with guns and bridle-reins; the hasty scrawl of the man who was in a hurry to be at play; sometimes the fantastic scrawl of the man who had plainly dined. Charles Fox's fist changes in the progress of the

book from a rather round and boyish form to an elegant and running hand—an improvement no doubt produced by the lessons we know he took from a writing-master. He and Fitzpatrick used the book most constantly; after 1780, Sheridan's nimble flourish decorates a good many pages. I preserve spelling and other accidents, and refrain from impertinent and unnecessary 'sics.' The majority of the bets are not signed or initialled, nor is the settlement recorded: Sheridan (in pride, it may have been, of winning or paying) seems first to have introduced the latter custom."

From Mr. Street's numerous selections we take the following:

1771. April 16th. L^d Ossory bets Mr. C. Fox 100 Guineas to 10 that Doctor North is not Bishop of Durham this day two months, provided the present Bishop dies within that time.

1771. June 22nd. Mr. William Hanger bets Mr. Lee Twenty Guineas to 25 that M^{lle}. Heinel does not dance in England at the Opera House next month.

Mr. Boothby gave Mr. Fawkener five Guineas to receive One Hundred if the Duke of Queensbury dies before half an Hour after five of the afternoon of the 27 of June 1773. June 27: 1772.

2nd March 1774. Lord Northington bets Mr. Plumer 300 Guineas: to 50: that either the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cholmondeley, Mr. Hanger, or Mr. Plumer is married before His Lordship.

Bibliographical.

THE complete and uniform edition of Hazlitt's works is, it seems, to run to twelve volumes, and to include everything except the Life of Napoleon, "now quite obsolete." But, though obsolete in a sense, has not that Life, nevertheless, a good deal of literary interest? I miss, too, from the list of the works which the edition is to contain *The Character of William Cobbett* (1835), though no doubt it is intended to find room for it. *The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* is, in the list, left undated. The date, of course, is 1817 (followed by editions in 1818, 1848, and 1854). The date of *The Dramatic Literature of the Life of Elizabeth* is wrongly given; it should be 1820-21. Among the most popular of Hazlitt's writings, it would seem, have been the *Table Talk* (1821-22), which was reprinted in 1825, 1845, and 1869, and the *Round Table* (1817), reprinted in 1841 (third edition), 1869, and 1871. *The Plain Speaker* (1826) was reprinted in 1851-52 and 1870. Messrs. Dent intend, I see, to reprint the *Liber Amoris*, and I suppose they could not do otherwise. The book is extant, and, though it is discreditable to its author, cannot be put out of sight.

Mr. Shorter's production of his *Tatler* has brought with it a crop of references to Steele's historic periodical, but I have seen no allusion anywhere to a publication called *The Tatler*, which appeared in London in 1830-32. This started on September 4, 1830, as a "daily journal of literature and the stage," consisted of four quarto pages only, and cost twopence. In this form it lasted till March 31, 1832, though it had in the interval altered its designation to "a daily journal of literature, fine arts, music, and the stage," and though on and after August 20, 1831, the price fell to one penny, from April 4, 1832, to October 6, 1832, the paper was published only three times a week. It was octavo in size, and, beginning with eight pages, ended with sixteen. On the last-named date, apparently, it expired. As originally started, it was devoted almost wholly to the tastes of the reading man and the playgoing man. Towards the end of its career it became more broad and varied in its interests. There were, of course, no pictorial illustrations; but the letterpress was by no means unattractive.

Who shall decide when anecdotists disagree? "An Octogenarian," writing in the *Cornhill*, sets himself to correct the "accepted and quite erroneous" story to the effect that on one occasion in Paris, Rogers and Luttrell

being at the Louvre together, a party of English ladies hailed the latter, and he stopped to speak to them. Rejoining Rogers, he was asked, "Who were they?" and replied, "I don't know; they asked if my name was Luttrell." "And was it?" "This in the mouth of Rogers would," says the "Octogenarian," "have been a cruel sneer, Mr. Luttrell being a natural son. The true version of the incident, as I heard it numerous times from Mr. Rogers himself, he gave as a glaring instance of Lord Dudley's well-known absence of mind. It was he, and not Rogers, who was with Luttrell at the Louvre; the ladies had asked the latter 'if my name was not Holland?' And Lord Dudley had said, 'And was it?' in sheer absent-mindedness." Now, I am sure the "Octogenarian" writes in the best of faith; but if you will turn over the pages of Planché's *Recollections and Reflections* you will find that writer asserting, also on the authority of Rogers, that the absent-minded beggar in this instance was "Maltby, the brother of the bishop." It was the banker-poet, according to Planché, who was asked if his name was Rogers, and it was Maltby who remarked, "And was it?"

The promised book on *University Magazines and their Makers* will be very welcome. The subject has not yet been systematically treated. Mr. Whibley did something for Cambridge periodicals in the introduction to his *In Cap and Gown: Three Centuries of Cambridge Wit* (1889), and in 1890 we had a book of *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine: Being Reprints of Seven Years*. Obviously, however, there is very much more room to cover, and the result cannot but be interesting. As Mr. Whibley truly observes, "Youth is the age of literary experiment, and a large number of those whose names have in later years become famous have won their spurs in the field of literature as undergraduates." Meanwhile, what is wanted badly is a History of English Periodicals, excluding newspapers, and giving prominence to the quarterlies and monthlies. Such a History, conscientiously done, would be a very valuable aid to the study of our literature during the past two centuries. It might be undertaken by a syndicate of experts.

The announcement of a forthcoming novel by Mr. Hamilton Aidé carries the mind back a good many years—to the first appearance of such once-popular stories as *Carr of Carrlyon*, *Confidences*, *Poet and Peer*, *Rita*, and so forth. Mr. Aidé is a notable example of mental energy in the autumn of life. He published a novel, *Jane Treachel*, so recently as two years ago (1899), and it had been preceded in 1895 by *Elizabeth's Pretenders*. One remembers very well his play of "Philip," produced by Irving in 1872, and his comedy, called "A Nine Days' Wonder," brought out by John Hare and the Kendals in 1874. It was, however, a little surprising to find him, in 1890, suddenly returning to the footlights with the adaptation which he called "Dr. Bill." Mr. Aidé has written some smooth and pleasing verse, but was not thought worthy of inclusion in that *omnium gatherum* of Mr. Alfred Miles—*The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*.

I notice that Mr. Alfred Austin is described, on the cover of the new number of the *North American Review*, as "Poet Laureate of England." It is a pity that our Transatlantic brethren should be thus misled. We, over here, know that such a functionary as "Poet Laureate of England" does not exist. In this country the Poet Laureate is a salaried member of the Royal Household—that, and nothing more or less. His name and emoluments figure in the official lists of that Household. The appointment is a Court appointment; it has no national bearing or significance whatever. It so happens that the post was filled in succession by three notable men—two of them men of genius—Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and that fact has given to the office an altogether factitious interest and importance. England makes her own Poets Laureate; they are not appointed by Government.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Some Old Tendencies.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. In 6 vols. Vol. I.: *The Emigrant Literature.* (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

THIS *Emigrant Literature* is the first volume of what will undoubtedly be an important critical work, by an author who has won recognition in England through his exhaustive study on Shakespeare, and his volume on Ibsen and Björnson. It deals with what the author considers the wellspring of nineteenth century literature, in the work of those French writers who fled into many countries from before the guillotine of the Revolution and the grape-shot of Napoleon, drawn back in the track of the Restoration to renew literary France. The book is exceedingly well written, clearly planned, full of insight, and of unflinching interest. It certainly gives promise that the series will be of more than ordinary value to critical students. Of the points which we notice for animadversion, one concerns the translation. Why is it styled "*The Emigrant Literature*"? In English, the French word *émigré* at once denotes an exile of the Revolution and Napoleonic reign, without the need of explanation or qualifying term: it is appropriated to that purpose. But *émigrant* may signify an Englishman in America, a Chinese in Australia: it has no specialised application. The translator is so conscious of this that the French exiles are throughout the book called *émigrés*. Why did he not speak of "*The Emigré Literature*," or else of *émigrants*? The inconsistency is itself an argument against the title, which should (as we suggest) have been "*The Emigré Literature*." For the author himself our chief complaint is that he is too uncompromisingly partisan. He is all that we understand by Continental Liberalism—anti-clerical, materialistic, rationalistic; and he carries all this into the very roots and conception of his book. It is taken for granted that a writer approaches salvation in proportion as he approaches the standpoint of modern materialistic science, and the cognate philosophies which exclude the supernatural element from life—plus the emotional and other qualities which distinguish nineteenth century rationalism from the cold and narrow rationalism of the eighteenth century. His views dominate the whole book, colouring even the casual comment on Chateaubriand's mother: "God-fearing to the highest degree, a church-goer, and a patroness of priests." The result is that such as do not sympathise with the writer's views have frequently to pause and redraw the picture in a fresh perspective, before they can realise what it is in itself, apart from its painter's peculiarity of vision. In a critical study of literature, it were to be wished the author could have abstained from weaving strong personal preconceptions of this kind into the warp and woof of his fabric.

Another point is of slight importance in the present volume, though it remains to be seen how far it may affect the subsequent volume on *Naturalism in England*, of which "Byron and his contemporaries" are to be the theme. That very description of the intended fourth volume indicates what we mean. Mr. Brandes, apparently, is still influenced by the once universal Continental illusion as to the toweringly ascendant position of Byron in English poetry. In France the importance and independence of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats are beginning to be understood, thanks to M. Paul Bourget and others. But for the most part Continental writers can scarce realise that a figure which means so much to their poetry means so little to ours. Mr. Brandes, for example, instances among those influenced by Rousseau, in France Chateaubriand and others, in Germany Tieck, and "in England Byron." Yet whatever he owed to Chateaubriand, Byron probably had little direct influence from Rousseau. That

fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, with its Nature-rhapsodies, of which Mr. Brandes is probably thinking, drew that enthusiasm from Shelley, who in his turn drank from Wordsworth, while Wordsworth was influenced by Rousseau—directly or indirectly. It is through Wordsworth rather than Byron that the Nature-loving influence of Rousseau begins to circulate in English poetry. Yet the author's estimate of Byron is quite correct for the general purposes of his book; since in relation to the Continent Byron alone among English poets is of importance. He created or recreated the literatures of three great Continental countries at a decisive epoch. How make those countries understand the amazing truth, that the magician who did this had no influence whatever on the poetry of his own land? Wordsworth and Coleridge were before him; Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and the rest who came after him, followed totally antagonistic inspiration. Of the swarm who wore their literary shirt-collars in the Byronic fashion, not one has survived as a poet. It is one of the most remarkable phenomena in literature, this contrast between Byron abroad and Byron at home. And it will be a curious experience (if the description of Mr. Brandes's fourth volume should correspond to the contents) to see our greatest modern poets treated as "Byron's contemporaries."

The *émigrés* writers with whom this first volume deals are Chateaubriand, Sénancour, Nodier, Constant, Madame de Staël, and Barante. Of these the author's predilections and space are given chiefly to Madame de Staël, because she alone, he considers, was in some measure a prophet, and not merely a precursor, of the fuller day which was to come. But from the standpoint of literary power Chateaubriand seems to us the greatest of the group—a group, when all is said, somewhat futile and *manqué*, whose aureole is steadily fading in the process of the years. Would Mr. Brandes, one inclines to wonder, have been altogether so enthusiastic about the De Staël (whom he calls the precursor of George Sand) if she had not written *De L'Allemagne*? At any rate, it brings Chateaubriand closer to Englishmen that he was for a time a refugee in England, as previously a wanderer in America; and that the record of the American sojourn, in particular, is writ large across his work. So, too, was Constant for a time a student at Edinburgh, being besides that rare thing, a French Protestant. But Chateaubriand has a further interest for Englishmen, in his relation to Byron. If we, better than the Continent, estimate Byron's actual place in our literature, we have less conception how far he was from being original in that "pageant of his bleeding heart." To Chateaubriand belongs the credit—we could well-nigh say discredit—of the idea. But Chateaubriand to most Englishmen suggests the *Génie du Christianisme*: few have opened *René* or *Atala*. It is there you find the sources of Byron. This brilliant young Frenchman was very unhappy and very discontented, for a great variety of reasons. He was tired of everything; his fellow-men were not geniuses like himself, and he was elaborately conscious of the fact; he possessed the fatal gift of making women fall in love with him, but could not really love them back, though he tried hard—which made him feel very sorry for the women, because they lost so much. Especially he was deeply, tenderly sorry for himself. But instead of reflecting that there must be something profoundly wrong with his heart, and trying what might be done to remedy it, he hit upon a beautiful new idea. Since he was so hopelessly above his fellow-men, it must be his duty to become a missionary, and by the exhibition of himself lift other men to the same heights of superior misery. That was not quite his own account of it. He said that he wrote to warn others against such a perilous state, and inculcate the necessity of religion. One is inclined to repeat Mr. Burchell's famous ejaculation. The

actual effect of such exhibitions is to make egregious young men admire and long to imitate the author. It is not eloquent generalities about the need of religion which will undo the total atmosphere of such a book.

Anyway, what he did was to start the new fashion—which soon grew amazingly popular—for a man of genius to show his sores in the market-place, asking Hob and Dick to drop a tear—and a sixpence—into the ready hat. Byron saw his chance to set the new fashion in England. He, too, was unhappy, he had as fine sores as any Frenchman of them all. And the exhibition was unanimously voted superior to the original, even by the French themselves. The fashion was passing in England, happily; one would not like to think it could be otherwise. Even our Hamlets are sane and manly beside these Continental writers. In a Frenchman, still more a Frenchwoman, the thing seems less obnoxious—because they are “built that way.”

Chateaubriand, it must be confessed, carries it off gallantly. If he lacks the Byronic directness, the Byronic compression, the scathing Byronic wit and scorn, he has a lyric eloquence of the most brilliant kind, above that of Byron, to our thinking, and often approaching the verge of poetry. His descriptions of North American scenery in *Atala*, for instance, are such as had not been read in French literature up to that time. The passion is genuine and tempestuous, despite the theatrical pose of the chief figure. In *Réné* one finds an extraordinary number of the characteristics we are accustomed to suppose original with Byron. The weariness of life and all things in life, the incredulity, the cynicism. “All my life long,” cries *Réné*, “I have had a widespread, and yet insignificantly small world before my eyes, and at my side a yawning abyss.” Such utterances, which might have come out of *Childe Harold*, are constant. Disgust of life, the folly of believing in happiness, these sentiments pervade the book. Even the device of assigning to the hero the guilt of unnatural passion has passed from *Réné* into *Manfred*, as perhaps (with differing sentiments) it passed from Byron to Shelley.

It needed genius to make universally acceptable these tales which are in effect so many portraits of one man. So it is with Sénanecour, Constant, Madame de Staël. All these men and women most characteristically make themselves the heroes (or heroines) of their own books: too egotistic to be genuine novelists, they write what are really romances on the Fortunes of Me. Constant not only portrays himself, but his passion for Madame de Staël—or rather her passion for him. He is in some degree a kind of Sentimental Tommy, encouraging a woman's love, which he is finally too cold or too shallow to return, and then making “copy” of it. For the De Staël was deep in love with him, and never got over or forgave his desertion. Her feelings at reading her own love-story in a book by the faithless lover can be imagined. It is gratifying to know that one at least of this school was capable of actual love. Nothing is more notable and miserable in the history of these writers than their general incapacity for honest sexual love. About it they are for ever writing; but they cannot live it. Still, with all their futilities, their discontent with the old, and incapacity to evolve anything new, their reaction towards faiths and aspirations in which they do not really believe, there is in them the redeeming quality of genius. Where they have sowed, others reap: they prepare the way for the Romantics, for Hugo, De Musset, and all the fertile movement which followed. Above all, as we have said, Chateaubriand has Byron for his scholar, and through Byron leads on the new outburst of French literature. Mr. Brandes, who has more sympathy with them than we can feel ourselves, has done them excellent justice in a book which makes us look forward hopefully to its successors.

Recent Verse.

Songs of Lucilla. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Man of Kerioth. By Gascoigne Mackie. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

The Oxford Year. By J. Williams. (Simpkin Marshall; Oxford: R. H. Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Nature Songs. By Emily Read. (Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d.)

It is probably an understatement to say that some score of volumes of poetry are issued quarterly from the press. It is, probably, indeed, a large understatement. Yet consider what it means. It is nothing less than portentous. The vanity, the overweening self-estimate, the half-education—in some cases; in others, the ill-digested and over-education, hypnotising a man into weak imitation of what he has admired; the hundred-and-one forms of feebleness which persuade a man to publish what he should have kept concealed in his drawer. Yet there is somewhat to be said for him. Because the only final test and tribunal is the test and tribunal of publication. For good or for evil, a man's friends may be incompetent judges. A true poet may move in an unliterary circle. A literary circle may be over-lenient in its judgment of a friend's work. The one sure thing is that a volume given to the world will ultimately find its natural level—be it negligently pushed, or boomed with all the resources of the most up-to-date publisher. That is the trial by combat, which every versifier has the right to challenge, and by the final issue of which he must abide. But it is a cruel ordeal, no less for the judges than the challenger. Their judgment may be reversed by that court of appeal—posterity. And the challenger may die—as Keats died—fatally ignorant as to the ultimate issue of his challenge. A man very sure of himself may expect with calmness the final result; or, better still, remain quietly content with the knowledge that he has done what was given him to do, and unheeding of the issue. But for the judges it is a position invidious indeed. The marvel, on the whole, is, that they seldom investigate any batch of verse without finding some occasion for praise, if nothing which touches the higher levels of poetry.

There is just now a surprising amount of verse which can fairly be pronounced accomplished; and the collection now under our notice is no exception to the rule. The author of *Songs of Lucilla*, by a species of modesty rare in these days, chooses to remain anonymous. He has published too much, and a choicer selection would have made a better impression. But he has good power of word-painting; and, his strength lying in this descriptive faculty, his gift is best seen in his poems on pictures. “La Nascita di Venere” (on Botticelli's great picture of Venus rising from the waves) is a typical example:

Prince of the painters' perished brotherhood,
Who lavished on their art the purple dye
Of pansies, and the rose's crimson blood,
How like a vapour does thy Venus rise!—
Not veiled yet by the fluttering draperies!—
All white and shimmering, from the waves wind-curled,
New-woke, and wondering of the things to be,
Like thine own mystic mediæval world;
Indeed an Aphrodite,—but not she
Who sprang, undying, from the deathless sea:—
But mild of mien, and pensive-souled, and sad,
As the Maid-mother of the Christ thorn-crowned
As though, wide-eyed, some wistful dream she had,
And in her ear still were the small shrill sound
The swallows make, as swift they circle round!—
The breezes blow about her salt, and sweet,
With floating foam, and flowers flung in the air,
And like loose fetters, falling to her feet—
A burden for the form a shell can bear—
Hang half the sun's rays plaited in her hair!

Sculptors in stone have imaged her, sea-born,
And Love's frail mould, to be immortal, made,
But thou hast made her as the misty morn,
And as the subtle-shifting light and shade,
And as a perfect-petalled flower, to fade!

That is good, and there is much more of equal merit. Descriptive verse is not the highest kind of verse; but within these limits the anonymous author has considerable faculty.

A more distinctive and personal descriptive touch belongs to Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's *Man of Kerioth*. The Man of Kerioth is Judas Iscariot; and the poem which bears this name is notable for the strong and incisive imagery and phrase by which the descriptive portions are bitten in. For example:

Above my doubting steps in darkness bowed
A thunder-belted region black with rain:
Stabbed, like a wounded bull, the plunging cloud
Staggered, and shook the plain.

A strong wind blew. And then, a wave of heat
Touched me: and even while I fled appalled,
There fell a crimson shadow at my feet:
I heard my own name called.

Then came I to a tract where no storm was,
But silence only: yet my every breath
In that waste land through which I had to pass
Was lonelier than death.

Lo! by a stream blotted and streaked with blood,
A stream that neither flowed nor seemed at rest,
Grey as a stone, a silent figure stood,
With beard upon his breast.

Beside him lay a reed-crate and a cuse,
Shaped like a purse of potter's earthenware:
One arm muffled his brows; a knotted bruise
Showed, where his neck was bare.

The other arm behind him on the rack
Stretch'd, as who flings away a thing bewitched:
And like a star-fish turned upon its back,
His groping fingers twitched.

There is no little imaginative strength in this description. The image of the "plunging cloud" which,

. . . like a wounded bull, . . .
Staggered, and shook the plain.

is bold and original, if, perhaps, with a very slight tendency to violence in the wording as a whole. But the other image of Iscariot's twitching fingers,

Like a star-fish turned upon its back,

is original, strong, and vivid in a remarkable degree. Mr. Mackie has every reason to hope that he will one day arrive at work of unmistakable individual achievement. This book exhibits most attractive flashes of promise.

Of more varied kind is Mr. J. Williams's *The Oxford Year*. It opens with a series of descriptive sonnets, all informed with Oxford scenery and associations, and all having a certain quiet grace and prettiness, if not rising to the difficult level of beauty.

Here is one—"September":

I offer thee a picture wrought in rime,
By autumn painted on a Berkshire down,
When Nature circles with her golden crown
Majestic heads of rowan and of lime.
Faint fall the sheep-bells with their mournful chime,
Half silenced by the curfew of the town,
That seems to ring the knell of old renown,
Cheated of immortality by time.
Rooks whirl between the spires of Abingdon,
And clumps of Wittenham towards stubbles crossed,
By paths that swerve through haspless gates ajar.
The day is past, the twilight is begun,
With it the souls that we have loved and lost
Look from the bastions of the evening star.

The mention of Berkshire reminds us that we were too hasty

in saying the sonnets were "all" redolent of Oxford. Why, by the way, does Mr. Williams say "wrought in rime"? So far as the poem shows, there is no touch of frost on the landscape described, nor would frost be timely in September. If he mean *rhyme*, why did he adopt an archaic spelling so fraught (in this instance) with dangerous ambiguity? Presently, however, his muse changes her note for the tune to which, since Calverley, so many University rhymers have danced. We cannot say that he takes an eminent place in that illustrious band of which Mr. Owen Seaman is the latest. Here, again, he has a pretty gift rather than first-rate and finished quality. Here is one of his trifles:

THE SMUG.

He dwelt amid untrodden ways,
Beside the stream of Cher,
A smug whom there were few to praise,
But many more to bar.

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,"
Was scarcely the description one
Would recognise him by.

He lived unknown, and few could know
If he would sink or swim;
But he is ploughed in Smalls, and oh,
The difference to him!

A longer effect in a somewhat different kind is "St. Scholastica's Day," which begins:

Into the Mermaid Tavern,
Nigh unto Carfax, reeled
Walter de Springheuse of Merton
And Roger de Chesterfield.

These are amusing bagatelles for an idle moment in an idle way; but they have nothing of permanency in them, even after the manner of their fugitive kind. Yet the volume has attraction enough in its ephemeral way, and makes good desultory reading.

Miss (or should it be Mrs.?) Emily Read belongs to a very different kind. Her *Nature Songs* have a considerable share of poetic feeling, and a certain reflective quality; but they show a crude want of *technique*. Perhaps her "Rondel" shows her at the best:

Sick? Sorry? Understand
Nature hath cures for thee;
Thy comfort she hath planned,
And here are simples three.
Let slip the warm, dry sand
Cold fingers through, and see!
Sick? Sorry? Understand
Nature hath cures for thee.
Or cool thy burning hand
In grassy, dewy lea;
Or twist each golden strand
Of child-hair curling free.
Sick? Sorry? Understand
Nature hath cures for thee.

That is pretty, in a not very distinguished or expert way. But as a rule she is insistently feminine in her manner. It is not merely that she is feminine in quality—that were a merit rather than blame. But she will use feminine colloquialities and trivialities of phrase altogether destructive of the poetic atmosphere—indeed, one might go nigh to call them infantilities. They remind one of the baby-eyes which a certain type of woman cultivates as girlish and appealing to mankind. One's only wonder is that a woman with the power to think and feel should dress her subject-matter in phrase so immature and recognisably bread-and-butterish. Two poems derive all their imagery from the milliner's shop. A couple of stanzas may suffice:

Now sing the birds, and shines the sun,
And Spring, she has come back,
And busily she has begun
Her wardrobe to unpack.

Fast-shut in buds of every tree,
 She's squeezed her garments bright,
 A marvel does it seem to me
 That they are packed so tight.

Miss Read is typical of a class, above which much of her substance entitles her to rise: therefore we have dwelt at some length on her book. On the whole, we may be thankful that a certain handful of verse shows worth reading among the voluminous output of an unsparing press.

Uncle Henry's Opinions.

Robert Buchanan: a Critical Appreciation, and Other Essays.
 By Henry Murray. (Philip Wellby. 5s. net.)

MR. MURRAY signs himself, "Your affectionate uncle, Henry," in the letter to a young poet, which concludes the vigorous volume before us, and we can but hope that Nephew Arthur's illusion about "that wonderful and worshipful personage, a writer of books," served as a fire-screen while he read this document. For Mr. Murray echoes the bad old cant, that "imaginative literature is dead in England":

The old beliefs which gave warmth and colour to life are dispelled. Man is no longer the most enthralling of all problems. . . . but a combination of salts and gases. . . . The once illimitable earth has dwindled to the dimensions of an orange slung in a network of rails and wires. We have shorn man of eternity, and we are taking from him time and space. . . . You will not find Utopia or Brobdingnag on my chart, and might as well look for a naiad in the pools of Thessaly as for a fairy in the woods of Warwickshire.

Therefore, let Nephew Arthur remember that religions are not necessary to literature, though they have provided materials for it. Emotion is the mother of literature, and emotion is as eternal as life and growth. The earth on whose breast the ice-floes groan which sent back Nansen from the Pole is not less majestic than that which was known of Agamemnon. There is no Iphigenia, the price of whose stainless life would open to any *Fram* the stubborn rigidity of an ocean turned to a stone. Wherefore seek Utopia and Brobdingnag? The former is, after all, only an England moulded to a heart's desire, the latter a satirical invention to cure megalomania. If it were not for the eternal feminine in Glumdalelitch, who would visit Brobdingnag? and woman, maugre the Henry Murrays of this world, is still abundantly with us. Why seek the maid or the pixie in Thessaly, or elsewhere? They taught no mystery, those fair naked women, which is not hidden in every lovely face that flits past in boats on the Thames. One or many, good or evil, man's conception of a god has ever been man or woman, or the likeness of things in the wood or the water.

Still remains the announcement, "Imaginative literature is dead in England." Fortunately, the cry of "Ichabod" does not expel a glory that has decided to remain. This Ichabod is against the sun in heaven. The short story has never been more finely wrought in England than to-day. It has gathered in the treasures of folk-lore; it is a granary of old beliefs. Never has the long story been more forthright than to-day. Though in mechanism it displays the old vices of artificiality, it preserves the common speech, and recognises intimacies of thought that were once equally lost in exaggerated sentimentality and noisy bluntness. Every reviewer of power to choose, regardless of name and intent on worth, can mention a score of contemporary writers who have struck off chapters which enhanced the intensity of the reader's life.

One follows Uncle Henry more willingly in his long essay on Robert Buchanan, whom he knew and loved, and places

with Tennyson and Browning. He is impressed with Buchanan's bold arraignment of Christ, whom he dared to figure as the Wandering Jew haunting "the sad world . . . the shadowy wraith of a beautiful dream and a great lost purpose, feebly wandering towards final dissolution and oblivion." Buchanan as a magical melodist in verse is hard to accept. Such a line as this:

But Jove sitteth cold on his cloud-shrouded throne,

in a poem quoted by Mr. Murray to demonstrate the poet's gift of melody, has an unspontaneous ugliness which forbids the idea that it is a careless line such as are met with in Shelley's works. Beauty of form is most realisable by those who passionately love it, and Buchanan did not do literary jerry-building on the ruins of such a passion. 1870 saw him pensioned, yet one reads that he wrote more than thirty of his often mediocre novels, and "camel-loads of critical, polemical, and sociological etceteras." Why? The answer is with Mammon. Necessity is acquitted. Poet, however, he certainly was. Elegiac feeling makes no more instant communication with the reader than in the words:

Ay, Mary, it is bitter . . .
 He took with him, to heav'n, no wealth I gave.

To Mr. Swinburne Mr. Murray is unjust. He recognises the poet's mastery of music, but he reduces all that he "has ever had to express" to the lines:

What ailed us, oh gods, to desert you
 For creeds that refuse and restrain?
 Come down and redeem us from virtue,
 Our Lady of Pain.

One suspects Mr. Murray to be of those who judge of poetry as of porridge. Mr. Swinburne fails of farinaceousness. "His career has been a long exercise in the art of sinking." The grave beauty of Swinburne the elegist, the radiant splendour of Swinburne the eulogist of the sea, the grace of Swinburne the poet of childhood, sink in that sinking. But it is the critic who sinks.

Interesting Mr. Murray remains even when he exasperates. He is clever in comparative criticism and writes sagaciously on volumes that lie open before him. On a closed book about which he has recollections beware of him. We have vainly consulted three editions of *Adonais* for a variant of a line which he offers in support of the assertion that Shelley "drifted at least as far as Theism."

Poor Barbara!

The Use of Words in Reasoning. By Alfred Sidgwick.
 (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

WERE words definite in meaning, and independent of their context, then formal logic—"the science which is concerned with the form as distinguished from the matter of thought"—would be simply a branch of pure mathematics, and its conclusions would enjoy the same universal validity. But, notwithstanding the above definition, no logic can be completely formal unless it is wholly symbolic, and symbolic logic has, of necessity, very little to do with the processes of thought, and cannot carry us far in distinguishing between good and bad reasoning. The interest to-day of formal logic is historical: it is almost impossible, for instance, to enter into sympathetic relations with the philosophers of the Middle Age without some knowledge of the Aristotelian system. No one can deny its childlike charm, and its entire innocency of all complexity makes it a delightful diversion for undergraduates and others during their period of tutelage. When, however, it is found necessary to disengage the fallacies from a political speech, or to re-examine the data of an argument, the

formal logician must summon other genii to his aid than those enshrined in the famous syllogistic mnemonic.

How preposterous it seems that the two assertions, "Luxury is condemned," and "All unicorns are like goats," are to the formal logician identical propositions. The real interest of the first assertion lies in the definition of the term luxury; and the difficulty of discovering common standing-ground is realised when we examine positions taken up respectively by acute thinkers like Henry Sidgwick and Mr. Leslie Stephen, both of whom have, as it happens, made careful surveys and plans of this very generalisation. Even when the significance, partial or full, of the word is known, there is still need to correlate the two class names "luxury" and "is condemned"; and it is just here where formal logic breaks down completely. The other assertion is wholly unintelligible to the naturalist, who, not possessing acquaintance with the technical and highly abstract language of formal logicians, would affirm that it is not a question of All Sis P, but a much simpler one, the existence or non-existence of unicorns. It is thus clear that in ignoring meaning and context we work *in vacuo*, and in making an unnatural divorce between form and subject-matter we are driven to an abstractness of expression which cannot be, by virtue of its abstractness, applied to concrete cases. The marvel is, that this study is retained at the Universities, where the Ptolemaic astronomy and mediæval physics have long been abandoned for post-renaissance science.

Mr. Carveth Read, in a passage which is quoted in this volume, observes in his *Logic* that: "A man who reasons deliberately manages it better after studying logic than he could before—if he tries to, and if he has not a perverse liking for sophistry, and if he has the sense to know when formalities are out of place." The reader is referred to p. 336 *seqq.* to learn how Mr. Sidgwick meets this statement; we quote it because it illustrates both the weakness and strength of formal logic. Who is foolish enough to question that a training in formal logic will not do some good? To those who know nothing of modern chemistry, a course of lectures in phlogiston—granting that a series of lectures on a non-entity is conceivable—would undoubtedly give training for the mind. What, however, we are concerned to know is whether this way of learning to think is not arbitrary and unnecessarily technical? Why should not a student be encouraged to set about the detection of error in his own way? Let him begin by analysing at first something quite easy, a speech by a Cabinet Minister, a popular saying, an epigram, and when he is more or less competent to deal with the class-name, and with simple inferences, he might pass on to the examination of Mr. Bernard Shaw's prefaces, to Mr. Herbert Spencer's and Mr. Leslie Stephen's writings, and other works in which appeal is constantly made to the reason. The strength of the formal position is that, once admit the right of the student to bring all his knowledge and thought to bear on the assertion itself as well as on the form of the sentence, then logic as an independent technical science disappears. Although Mr. Sidgwick states the case against formal logic with most convincing arguments, yet he seems to cling to a "compromise"—to believe, that is, that logic as a science for helping us to detect error could still be clearly delimited from other purely scientific and mathematical provinces of knowledge. The only way of retaining logic as a separate technical study is to keep it as formal as possible; and refusal to budge from this position shows a natural cunning on the part of the logicians which the practice of their profession would not lead us to expect. Whether, however, we are formalists with Dr. Keynes, or anti-formalists with Mr. Sidgwick, a few more volumes built up as skilfully as the present will bring out the loss and gain in the orthodox and highly artificial method of developing the logical faculty.

Other New Books.

IMPERIAL LONDON.

By ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

This is a book about London, of the old-fashioned, plodding, pleasant sort. It can hardly be called superfluous, because although such books greatly abound, many of them are quite out of date. Mr. Beavan's book takes after Charles Knight's *London*, the same general classification being used; instead of a topographical progress through the town, such as Thornbury adopts in his *Old and New London*, we have chapters on various aspects of London; as, for example, "Official, Legislative, and Diplomatic London," "Legal London," "Mercantile London," "Literary, Artistic, and Scientific London." Each of these aspects is dealt with more or less completely—less in the case of "Journalistic London," this chapter resolving itself into an account of the *Daily Telegraph*. Such books as this are useful and entertaining in their way. They may or may not give you the fact you want. Mr. Beavan's book would be an admirable gift to a young man newly arrived in London, though it will not do anything to form his literary style. The pages are sown with small inelegances. You have a paragraph beginning: "Still more peculiar a region is a thoroughfare leading to the Waterloo-road"; and crude observations like this: "Delightful bits for any artists of the Herbert Railton order." Mr. Beavan is of those who must prefix the adverb "literally" to unsuitable verbs. If a street swarms with poor people, he writes "literally swarms." Why literally? But we grant the difficulty of sustaining an elegant style in a work such as this, in which a fragment of Roman Wall and the dead-meat market on Christmas Eve rank as "sights" of London. We can testify to Mr. Beavan's industry and general accuracy. He seems to have collected much of his information at first hand, and hence some of it is decidedly fresh. Mr. Beavan speaks of the marching of the Grenadier Guards to the Bank of England every evening as a thing of the past. "They now come by train to the Bank." Here Mr. Beavan is either inaccurate or very up-to-date, for we have seen the Grenadiers in Queen Victoria-street rather recently. A word of praise should be given to the externals of the volume, which, from the scarlet cover to the type, are bold and handsome. (Dent. 12s. 6d.)

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS.

By CYRIL SCUDAMORE.

The purpose of this very good, well-informed, and readable book is not (as Mr. Scudamore says) that of a guide-book. The guide-book we have with us always, manifold and mostly excellent. The design is rather to supply information about the humanity of the country, which the guide-book omits, than about the topography of the country, in which the guide-book is strong. We are told about the government of the land, its education and religious bodies, its military system (one of the most miniature in Europe, as is well known), its political parties, which are important, strongly marked, and of more than Belgian interest; its folk-lore, its towns, and its aspect as a holiday-ground.

Probably the name of no foreign country so unremote and familiar conveys so vague a notion to the untravelled Englishman as Belgium. Say, "Flanders," and at once he has certain definite, if not very modern, associations, derived from history and yet more from romance. But Belgium he scarce realises to be mainly Flanders. Even when he grasps it as Flanders, he thinks only of broad, flat, fair fields, intersected with water-courses, with frequent towns; and broad, flat, fair faces, with thick-set figures.

But besides this typical Flemish humanity, there is the Walloon race, tall, dark, lithe, black and bright-eyed, resembling the southern Spaniard, and probably of kindred pre-Aryan origin (like the dark Welshman); or, yet again

(and these are the majority) less dark, and of Celtic race. Their tongue is Celtic-Latin; their beauties, frail, dark-eyed, animated, contrast with the fair-skinned, soft-eyed Flemish girl, and her brown, clustering locks. Nay, even your true Fleming is of two types: besides the broad shouldered, not over-tall, round-faced man, with high cheek-bones and large nose, whom we think of when we say

"Fleming," there is a long-faced man, with long, straight nose, and tall figure. The women dress nearly as well as Frenchwomen, the poorer girls making their own dresses with excellent taste. In Bruges, on market-days, you may still see the short, striped skirt and coloured head-dress of the last century, nor is the wooden shoe yet extinct in the Flemish parts of Belgium. All this, with the adherence of the Flemings to their ancient repute for copious drinking, and much more of great interest, you may learn from Mr. Scudamore's pages. (Blackwood. 6s.)

WAGNER, BAYREUTH, AND THE
FESTIVAL PLAYS.

By FRANCES GERARD.

This small volume, by the lady who is already known as the historian of that strange, unfortunate, semi-poet on a throne, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, Wagner's patron, who alone made Bayreuth (the Wagnerian Bayreuth) possible, comes out with timely promptitude to catch visitors to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth just beginning. It opens with a history of Bayreuth itself, not forgetting the White Lady (a genuine orthodox White Lady of the typical ancient kind) of the little Neue Schloss. In due sequence come chapters on the Festival Playhouse, the "Niebelungen Lied," and Wagner's musical setting of it, "Parsifal," and the legend of the Holy Grail as it appears in the old romances or myths. It is a very useful introduction to the whole subject, and will be found by the average Pilgrim to Bayreuth just the thing he wants. Written in a popular and easy style, its chief defect is a too feminine emotionality and strain after the picturesque—a touch of "gush," in fact, though of the modern order, plentifully bestuck with artistic and poetic trimmings. This, though we could cheerfully spare it, will, doubtless, make for general acceptability. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF BOOKS.

By GERTRUDE B. RAWLINGS.

This little volume belongs to "The Library of Useful Stories," and is a good specimen of the popularisation of literature. It deals chiefly with the history of modern books—understanding by the term "modern" the period from the Middle Ages onward. Indeed, with early printing the book ends, save for a chapter on bookbinding, and one on the production of books (from a technical standpoint) at the present day. Facsimiles of pages from some of the most famous early books add to the interest of the volume. Among these is an exquisite page from the famous Irish *Book of Kells*, one of the most beautiful decorative books ever produced, a treasure and treasury of labour, fine taste, fancy, and skill. Not so much can be said of Caxton or his follower, Wynkyn de Worde; whose productions are merely rare and curious as examples of the first printing-press in England. One rude cut, from Caxton's *Catho*, of boys learning their grammar, is a curious picture of the truly awful sway exercised by a medieval teacher. The unhappy scholars, so far as one can discern from the illustration, are reciting their lesson humbly on their knees; while the master sits royally in his chair, with uplifted admonitory finger, and in his right hand the birch—a goodly birch, of the proportions of a besom—reposes sceptre-wise on his shoulder. No pupil but must behold and tremble. The second chapter gives extraordinary details on the grossly indifferent treatment of books in many monasteries—chiefly Eastern—which had fallen from their pristine literary activity, and the

curious recoveries of MSS. from the base uses to which they had sunk.

An unpretending and efficient little book. (Newnes. 1s.)

MEMORIALS OF THE DUTTONS, OF DUTTON IN CHESHIRE.

This very handsome and bulky volume has been prepared at the instance of Lord Sherborne, and gives the history of one of the chief and oldest Cheshire families, from the Conquest to 1784, including the branches in Gloucestershire and elsewhere. It has sixteen portraits and other illustrations, with four folding-pedigrees. Among other curious and interesting matter, the book contains elaborate details, from contemporary depositions, of two famous duels—that between Sir Hatton Cheke and Sir Thomas Dutton, on Calais Sands (which Carlyle has described), and the great duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton (who was also Baron of Dutton), immortalised by Thackeray in *Esmond*. A valuable and interesting compilation. (Sotheran. £2 2s. net.)

BIRD WATCHING.

By EDMUND SELOUS.

It would be impossible to write a dull book on this subject—the birds themselves would see to that—and Mr. Selous has written quite an interesting one, although we fancy it is much too long. Its results could have been concentrated into smaller compass, with no loss, but rather gain, of effect. Since M. Maeterlinck has shown us what can be done in studying the bee, we could wish that Mr. Selous had dived deeper into the domestic economy of some of his friends. He is too diffuse, too much dispersed over the whole feathered world, and he is too fond of his little jokes. Here is a specimen of Mr. Selous's descriptive manner:

The way in which the male cormorant makes love to the female is as follows. Either at once from where he stands, or after first waddling a step or two, he makes an impressive jump or hop towards her, and stretching his long neck straight up, or even a little backwards, he at the same time throws back his head so that it is in one line with it, and opens his beak rather widely. In a second or so he closes it, and then he opens and shuts it again several times in succession, rather more quickly. Then he sinks forward with his breast on the rock, so that he lies all along it, and fanning out his small stiff tail, bends it over his back, whilst at the same time stretching his head and neck backwards towards it till, with his beak, he sometimes seizes and apparently plays with the feathers. In this attitude he may remain for some seconds, more or less, having all the while a languishing or ecstatic expression, after which he brings his head forward again, and then repeats the performance some three or four, or, perhaps, half-a-dozen times. This would seem to be the full courting display, the complete figure, so to speak, but it is not always fully gone through.

We wish that more students of bird-life would leave their homes armed only with binoculars. The illustrations of this book, which is one of the "Haddon Hall" series, are excellent. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

BRITISH TREES.

By THE HON. STANHOPE TOLLEMACHE.

This is a disappointing book. Considering the skill with which photographs can now be reproduced for the purposes of illustration it is practically a failure; for many of these plates give only the shape of the tree and help one not at all to the character of its leaves. The notes accompanying the illustrations are very brief. Altogether we are sorry to have to condemn it as insufficiently considered. (Sampson Low. 14s. net.)

FLOWERS AND GARDENS.

By FORBES WATSON.

Mr. Watson died in 1869, at the age of twenty-nine—an age difficult to believe, when one looks upon the portrait that serves as frontispiece to this book; and the present

work was published a year or so after his death. It has now been republished, in response to the current craving for works on flowers; and we are glad that it has, for its pages contain some thoughtful and beautiful writing. The author, who was a doctor by profession, was a botanist rather than a gardener, and a lover of flowers before all. One flower meant as much to him as many, and this book consists practically of a series of meditations on single flowers, the peculiar beauty and character of each being unfolded by the writer. If Mr. Watson reminds us of any one, it is Ruskin—not so much in style as in method. Canon Ellacombe prefaces the book very gracefully. (Lane. 5s. net.)

GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD. BY STEPHEN CRANE.

The late Stephen Crane's surprising analysis of the passion of war, in his *Red Badge of Courage*, and other stories, led an American editor to commission him to write the descriptions of certain historic contests. This book is the result. It is not Mr. Crane at his best; indeed, it is hardly Mr. Crane at all. The writing has spirit, and a very fair general impression of the character of each battle is imparted, because Mr. Crane was a good journalist who could execute orders; but his peculiar quality, his psychological intensity, is lacking; nor, in fact, could it well be present, in accordance with the historical scheme of the work. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

The compilation of *The Harrow School Register*, of which a second edition, brought up to date, has just been issued by Messrs. Longmans, was a work of more difficulty than might be supposed, owing to the different degrees of clearness and completeness attained by successive headmasters in keeping the lists. Byron's headmaster, Dr. Drury, entered only the surnames, whereas Dr. Longley improved on him by giving the names in full, and adding notes. Dr. Wordsworth did still better, and from Dr. Vaughan's time the lists have been admirably kept. The names of more than 1,000 boys who have joined the school since 1893 are added in this edition. The following entry under Easter—Midsummer, 1801, will interest our readers:

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (*Drurics and Mr. Evans*) son of Capt. J. Byron. Succ. as 6th Baron, 1798; Monitor, 1804; left, 1805; the Poet; in 1805 he arranged a cricket match, the teams for which were principally composed of past and present Etonians and Harrovians respectively, and this was undoubtedly the origin of the Eton and Harrow matches. Died at Missolonghi April 19th, 1824.

Mr. R. Courtney Welch edited the first edition. Mr. M. G. Daugleish edits the second.

Mr. Murray has been re-issuing his students' histories. Following new and improved editions of the well-known *Greece and Rome*, we now have a new and enlarged edition of the *History of English Literature* (7s. 6d.), first drawn up by Mr. Thomas B. Shaw. The book has been re-written completely, and of course revised in the light of the latest research. The second chapter, on Chaucer, has been written by Prof. W. P. Ker. The book closes with a three-page account of Stevenson. We do not think that any safer or more complete manual of its kind exists.

The French Stonehenge (Bemrose), by Mr. T. Cato Worsfold, is a learned, and at the same time inspiring, little account of the great ruins at Carnac and in the islands of the Morbihan Archipelago. Particularly interesting are his statements showing how these dateless stones still influence the Breton peasantry, either through legend or in the actualities of life. Thus, the great "Dolmen des Marchands," near Locmariaquer, is full of curious tracery, and the same form of decoration is still to be found on the dresses worn by women on feast days.

Fiction.

Sister Teresa. By George Moore.
(Unwin. 6s.)

As the author admits in his prefatory note, this is not a novel. It is only a continuation, a part, of *Evelyn Innes*, and though it is by far the best part of *Evelyn Innes*, one experiences a difficulty in reviewing it separately from the rest of the book. The time to review will be when the two parts, further shortened, are issued together. *Sister Teresa* narrates how Evelyn Innes, after a febrile and tempestuous career of art and pleasure, takes the veil in a Passionist convent at Wimbledon. The great merit of the book, overshadowing all minor merits and all defects, springs once more from Mr. Moore's singular and intense faculty of putting himself into a character, and of "getting up" the details of an environment. He has done it before, in *Esther Waters*, and particularly in *A Mummer's Wife*, but we do not think that he has ever succeeded more completely than in *Sister Teresa*. The nun, the convent, are realised for us in an almost absolute sense. There is more than the artistic presentment of an array of picturesque facts, there is an edifice of spiritual, innermost vitality reared upon the factual basis. The characters seldom open their mouths without uttering what we feel they must have uttered. Thus, when the aged Prioress first addresses Evelyn as Teresa, she says: "I felt I should like to call you Teresa, and you will prove yourself worthy of the name, my dear child." And one can hear the Prioress using precisely those phrases. This Prioress is the dominating individuality of the book, and the author in portraying her has many touches of pure insight. Meditating on Evelyn's grief and unsettlement, "the Prioress remembered the great relief that the mere putting on of the habit brings to the soul; and she rose from her knees quite determined" that Evelyn should be allowed to take the veil.

It is this stark imaginative power which alone gives the book its sanction; but the book has other qualities, less intrinsic, yet not to be ignored. The whole conception is coloured by a profound appreciation of beauty. In order to perceive how much of sheer beauty the book contains, one should read a masterpiece of a different sort, Diderot's *La Religieuse*, equally true, equally convincing, but repellent, bitter, and inexpressibly sinister. Two pictures of conventual life could scarcely be more at variance than these, yet the facts, save for a few gross details, are the same in each; there is the same pettiness, paltriness, hair-splitting, hysteria, arid ritualism. The difference arises partly from Mr. Moore's continual effort after sympathetic comprehension, and partly from his determination to find beauty. And let us say that the honest search for beauty is always rewarded. The book is pervaded by a melancholy sense of the beautiful. This is especially true of the conclusion. Immediately before the end, one is sure that Evelyn will die; one sees no other end than this sad end; but Mr. Moore discloses an end still sadder.

Evelyn Innes showed the inception of a development in the author's style of writing. In *Sister Teresa* the development is continued. Mr. Moore is still ungrammatical, and loose in his constructions, and he has even lost some of his former force; but he has acquired a mellowness and a curious, wistful, chant-like quality which are very persuasive. One is struck again and again by the fitness and charm of his similes; the writing abounds in similes. Here is one:

"Does another quest lie before me?" She tried to stifle the thought, but it cried across her life like a curlew across waste lands.

We think there are traces everywhere of a certain affectation of Celticism. Mr. Moore's recently-found Celtic aspirations are, of course, notorious; he has not succeeded in keeping

them out of his novel. There is a passage on p. 66: "He must go with her to the pure country, to the woods and to the places where the invisible ones whom the Druids knew," etc. "Wandering in the woods and underneath the boughs, we shall know that the great immortal presences are by us," etc.—which annoys us, because it seems so obviously a homage ineffectively paid to Mr. W. B. Yeats. We do not believe that Mr. Moore's

enchanted eyes

Have seen immortal, mild, proud shadows walk.

And we regard it as an indiscretion on his part to try to re-write Mr. Yeats's poetry in prose. If he will remain merely Mr. Moore, novelist pure and simple, we shall be content.

King's End. By Alice Brown.
(Constable.)

WE care not who knows that we have read Miss (?) Brown's book with a great deal of pleasure. There is room for stories dealing with the rural types of America in the admirable manner of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and this is a good one.

Here are the Elder and paralysed Mrs. Horner:

The Elder stopped on the threshold, and her eyes met his in a fiery volley.

"Woman," he said, not with authority, but an appealing kindness, "arise and walk!"

Mrs. Horner gave an inarticulate snort, full of rage and wretchedness.

"Don't you call me woman!" she retorted. "I've told ye that afore."

Here is Big Joan, with a crucifix at her neck and St. Joseph in her pocket:

The heifer was not Joan's business, nor, since he rejected her counsel, was he. So she gave a glance at the moon, quite as if she were on equal terms with it, [and] remarked, "Nice, ain't it? Light as cork!" and returned to the house.

Here is Nancy, in the last stage of her religious enthusiasm, in conversation with the man who cured her:

But Nancy shivered back to her grief. "I have committed the unpardonable sin," she repeated.

"That's all right. Just like you, too! You wouldn't be contented with arson or murder; no makeshifts for a girl like you!"

And here, finally, is Martin once more with the spirited little old lady who was his mother:

"Martin," said she, quite humbly, offering her trumpet, "you ain't up to anything you couldn't let your father know, now be you?"

He was about to put her jeeringly off, according to their mutual habit of play; but suddenly he became aware that this was not tyranny calling from her eyes. It was a quivering apprehension. He spoke gently into the tube: "Now, mother, you just treat me as if I was a white man! I'm as good as you are."

The little old lady sighed. "You ain't got anyways tangled up with that creatur'?" she insisted.

"I just took her for a ride. I had to, didn't I, to plague you, after you'd been cross to her? Now, mother, you be a decent old lady, and I'll have Nancy writing her name with a J before Thanksgiving."

She was, and he did. And the stages by which he mastered her are here recorded, together with some other actions and passions of which *King's End* was the theatre.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A WOMAN ALONE.

By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

This volume contains three stories, by the author of *Aunt Anne*. The longest, which fills two-thirds of the

book, is the tale of an unhappy marriage. The man should never have married, and, having discovered his mistake, he disappears for years. The end is tragic. One of the other stories is concerned with some of the subsidiary characters of the longer story. (Methuen. 6s.)

A GREAT LADY.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Anthony Scholes, a musician, was engaged to go to Kenwardine Castle in the Highlands to teach Isabel Stanton, still in the schoolroom, music. There the story, bright and readable, moving in high circles, passes. Lady Altonbury wishes Erminia to marry Captain Cartaret, heir to a dukedom, with estates in three counties, and a rent-roll of, at least, fifty thousand a year. "You were cut out for a great lady's rôle, Erminia, it is your *métier*, and a great lady you must be." "Must I?" (Methuen. 6s.)

JOHN TOPP: PIRATE.

By WEATHERBY CHESNEY.

Adventures by sea. The first chapter is of school days and yarny sailors, but with p. 42 we reach a low-roofed parlour in Wapping, "with a gnarled old ship-master, whom we found drinking strong ale with a toast in it, and crunching raw onions as though they were aromatic sweetmeats.

"Want to go to sea, eh?" he growled. "Well, it's a dog's life at first." And so on. (Methuen. 6s.)

BERGEN WORTH.

By WALLACE LLOYD.

About a village blacksmith "who endeavoured to realise the ideal of the Christ life." The story opens in Chicago during the railway riots of 1894. One of the blacksmith's speeches is given at length, and we are told that the audience "were spellbound by his wonderful enthusiasm, electrified by earnestness and intensity. . . . The words came from the depth of his soul and went to theirs." (Unwin. 6s.)

QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER.

By C. F. PIDGIN.

A novel of New England home life, which, according to report, has had a large sale in America. It contains, by way of frontispiece, a large, delightful map of the village where the story is laid. In a preface the author, after stating that "the heroes of English novels are nearly all dukes, marquises, earls, or barons," remarks: "I see no reason why the heroes of American novels, barring the single matter of hereditary titles, should not compare favourably as regards gentlemanly attributes with their English cousins across the sea." (Unwin. 6s.)

HER GRACE'S SECRET.

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.

From Chapter I: "The old Duke of Glenroy stood looking out upon the peaceful scene, though the roar of the traffic in the Champs Elysées was still very audible to him." From Chapter II: "Lord Arlington sat in his room in the great rambling family mansion known to the world of London as Glenroy House." From Chapter XVI: "A night or two before the great ball which was to wind up the season at Glenroy House, Arlington was sitting talking to Lilah, Princess Carolin, in her dainty suite of rooms in Claridge's Hotel." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE BROAD ROAD THAT STRETCHES.

By CECIL HARTLEY.

Ten Adventures, with such titles as "The Adventure of the Embarrassed Gentleman"; "The Adventure of the Man Loaded with Mischief"; "The Adventure of the Confraternity of the Gay Science." It is written with some pretensions to style. Here is a passage: "All roads, except the known one, lead to the Delectable Land. Cudgel your brains for a moving discourse to thrill your Desdemona withal, and 'tis ten to one she will find her home affairs more engrossing." (Burleigh. 3s. 6d.)

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Concerning an Essayist.

MR. NIMMO has sent us two of Alexander Smith's books, *A Summer in Skye* and *Dreamthorp*. We do not know why he has done this, and the heat forbids any bustling inquiry. The first volume is issued without a date on its title-page, the second is dated 1888. Perhaps Mr. Nimmo is merely trying to communicate a thrill to old stock. It matters not; it is good old stock, and we are obliged to him. There will be no thrill; the London season is not yet over, and August is reserved for Mr. Hall Caine. Yet this is the psychological moment in which to publish books of wise and restful essays. Unhappily, the psychological moment for writing such essays does not seem to present itself in these days, when books are written by contract, and are engineered like Consols. Hence our gratitude for two volumes written by an author who died in 1867. All but fabulous date—what memories of swelling chignons and subsiding crinolines it stirs! In 1867 telegrams cost a shilling, postage stamps were red, maidservants talked of murders by the hour, and years were to elapse before Compulsory Education, discount on books, and *Tit-Bits* were to burst upon the country. In 1867 Robert Louis Stevenson entered Edinburgh University. The literary world . . . conceive the difference! For our part, we did not then dream there was such an annexe to a world of sun and snow and sparrows. Yet in 1867 Alexander Smith died of literary over-work, in Edinburgh, at the age of 37.

That is a tragic age at which to die. A writer of any health may hope to live much longer. The impulsive, oft-renewed interests of the journalist make for length of days, if his life be fairly correct, and Smith's life was very correct. Born in rather humble circumstances, yet of good lineage (his mother was a Flora Macdonald, and belonged to the family of the Highland heroine), he was put to learn "pattern making." Spurning this, and pushing his intellectual way, he obtained in 1854 the secretaryship of Edinburgh University, on a salary of £150 a year. This was increased later to £200 a year by his acceptance of some additional work. A secretaryship worth £200 a year is exactly the stand-by which we would like the budding literateur to secure in these days; but, too often, he is found resigning a comfortable post in order to "take definitely to literature." A serious mistake. Smith stuck to his routine, which, however, tended to grow more irksome. A certain inability on the part of the authorities to distinguish with nicety between the duties proper to be performed by a poet-secretary and those assignable to a hall porter did not add to the pleasantness of his life. But he had an easy disposition and a good wife. Every summer the whole family went off to Skye, where Smith looked about him with seeing eyes, and talked with shepherds and crofters on the hills until these lonely men came to love his re-appearance. Meanwhile he had become a poet, and a selling poet. Ten thousand of his *Life Drama* sold within a year of publication. With Sydney Dobell he wrote sonnets on the Crimean War. His

derivations were from Keats and Tennyson, and they were so clear that he had to fight for his literary character. Forster, of the *Examiner*, was one of his backers, and a eulogy of his drew a passing remark from Matthew Arnold in one of his early letters. As a poet, Smith was killed by a phrase. No, not killed, only scotched, for we hear that a new edition of his poems is even now being prepared. The unwearied benevolence of our generation no sooner perceives that an author has missed immortality than it confers on him the alms of republication.

The phrase was "Spasmodic." Smith was the head of the "Spasmodic School" of poetry. Curiously enough, the coiner of this phrase, Professor Aytoun, was the man who advised Smith to try his hand on the less exacting and more lucrative work of journalism and magazine writing. He told him that he could help him with *Blackwood*, and he was as good as his word. But Smith was soon caught in the whirlpool of petty, paying journalism, so that even *Blackwood* was neglected for newspapers whose files can only be found in Edinburgh and at the British Museum. It was on this obscure but serviceable work that Alexander Smith wore himself away. In the process he enjoyed life, and was himself enjoyable, being a man of great goodness of heart, simplicity, and kindliness. But the needs of his family and an ardent temperament led him to abuse his strength. There was a peculiarity about his breakdown. Outwardly, and in his usual feelings, he remained a man of almost burly health. His cheek was not wasted, nor his eyes sunken; nor did bilious attacks ensure his safety by their recurrence. But he suffered from queer nervous delusions. He would suddenly lose the feeling of support on the ground and tremble for his balance. He made no secret of these curious feelings, and his friends chaffed him about them. If a man in apparently rude health tells you that as he walked up the Cannon-gate he felt that thoroughfare sink beneath him, and that he had to jump into a cab to make sure that he was on *terra firma*, you would smile. Smith's friends smiled until he was announced to be seriously ill. Typhoid and diphtheria had conspired to overthrow him, and, in spite of the best Edinburgh medical attention, they prevailed.

Not long before his death Alexander Smith had produced the two books by which he is, perhaps, best known to-day—his *Dreamthorp*, a book of essays, and his *Summer in Skye*, a book of impressionist topography. There are still people who keep *Dreamthorp* on their shelves and quietly swear by it. Robert Louis Stevenson has somewhere left on record his indebtedness to the *Summer in Skye*. In truth, they are pleasant books, and particularly in mid July. Riding on an omnibus along Oxford-street the other day, with the brass balustrade of a preceding Bayswater omnibus burning persistently in our view, and with bonnetted horses pounding past in the intolerable glare and heat, we opened the *Summer in Skye*, and cooled our eyes on the sentence in which, after a fine description of Edinburgh, Smith sketches what is to follow:

Our course will lead us by ancient battlefields, by castles standing in hearing of the surge; by the bases of mighty mountains, along the wanderings of hollow glens; and, if the weather holds, we may see the keen ridges of Blaavin and the Cuchullin hills; listen to a legend old as Ossian, while sitting on the broken stairs of the castle of Duntulm, beaten for centuries by the salt lake and the wind; and in the pauses of ghostly talk in the long autumn nights, when the rain is on the hills, we may hear—more wonderful than any legend, carrying you away to misty regions and half-forgotten times—the music which haunted the Berserkers of old, the thunder of the northern sea!

How pleasant were our glimpses, in Oxford-street, of the bay of Uig, and of Minch and Harris, rising like blue clouds on the horizon; of the Cuchullin hills, pale in the morning, purple in the evening; of queer little fishing

hamlets, infrequent steamboats; and brief squalls in which the rain advanced over loch and moorland like a wall of water. Nor does Smith fail us with his human types—John Kelly, the lonely, irascible shepherd who drank whiskey, silently, by the bottle; Lachlan, the crofter of Dunschiach, whose merry wit secured him the prettiest partners in a dance even in middle age; Angus-with-the-dogs, who was never seen without his gun and two terriers, and was “continually passing over the country like the shadow of a cloud.” We do not wonder that Stevenson loved a book filled with these silent people and peopled silences.

The relation between *A Summer in Skye* and *Dreamthorp* seems to us very interesting. *Dreamthorp* is a book of essays on familiar essay subjects: on “The Writing of Essays,” “Death and Dying,” “Men of Letters,” “The Importance of a Man to Himself,” “Vagabonds,” etc. Of the two, it is the better-known product of Smith’s pen. As we have said, there are people who are very fond of *Dreamthorp*. Our own opinion is that it is less successful than the Skye book. Smith was sufficiently matured to describe with charm and point his travels in the Hebrides, but not sufficiently matured to write at large about life. Writing at large about life is your essayist’s rôle, and one indispensable condition of his success is that he shall be an adult. Now, a man is not a mental adult until he is forty. Only at forty is his mind brought to that fulness and “set” which give to his lightest opinions the air of personal finality, which, along with other qualities, is so necessary to their endurance. The very fact that the essayist undertakes to talk at large about life makes it imperative that amid so much liberty and whim we shall see a grown mind at work. It is not orthodoxy or accuracy that is needed, but ripeness, colour. To talk at large about life, a man must have found himself. A matured man is interesting. One can refer his very absurdities back to the world that has moulded him to what he is. But a youth on the hearthrug is insufferable. Take up Montague, Lamb, Hazlitt, and in their lightest expatiations you will find we know not what stamp of adulthood. None of these began to talk at large about life until they were forty. La Bruyère published his *Caractères* at the age of forty-three. Stevenson, on the other hand, wrote his essays in his thirties, and we suppose that we shall be reproached if we suggest that with all their charm and radiance and grace of style they are yet wanting in that adulthood, that quiet plantigrade force which, we say, is one of the essentials of the perfect essay. Goethe said of Byron: “The moment he begins to reflect he is a child.” Well, Byron died at thirty-six. His powers of reflection were certainly not those of a child; they were prodigious in their activity and daring, and they produced hundreds of observations which serve reflecting men to-day. But his were not co-ordinated reflections, or, rather, they were co-ordinated by nothing more authoritative than his own progressing mind. Yet he was maturing rapidly. From youth we must expect only the wisdom which is captured as beauty. Keats and Shelley were not prodigies in that they were young: for they captured truth only as beauty.

The noticeable thing about *Dreamthorp* is that it just misses the sanction of maturity. Many of its pages are full of charm, you may call them memorable if you will, but they want this quality which Shelley, Keats, and Byron did not live to need, but which is the very charter of the great essayists. There is a whole corpus of thoughts, methods of thought, devices of expression and what not, which are characteristic of those who prematurely talk at large about life. In *Dreamthorp*, written when Smith was thirty-three, they are not so patent as in the regular amateur essay. But they are there all the same, those unmistakable traces of pap. We will not search for the clearest examples, but will take two passages nearly at random,

and on them risk our judgment. The first is from “Death and Dying.”

Death is the ugly fact which nature has to hide, and she hides it well. Human life were otherwise an impossibility. The pantomime runs on merrily enough; but when once Harlequin lifts his vizard, Columbine disappears, the jest is frozen on the Clown’s lips, and the hand of the filching Pantaloon is arrested in the act. Wherever death looks, there is silence and trembling. But although on every man he will one day or another look, he is coy of revealing himself till the appointed time. He makes his approaches like an Indian warrior, under covers and ambushes. We have our parts to play, and he remains hooded till they are played out. We are agitated by our passions, we busily pursue our ambitions, we are acquiring money or reputation, and all at once, in the centre of our desires, we discover the “Shadow feared of man.” And so nature fools the poor human mortal evermore. When she means to be deadly, she dresses her face in smiles; when she selects a victim, she sends him a poisoned rose. There is no pleasure, no shape of good fortune, no form of glory in which death has not hid himself, and waited silently for his prey.

Does the reader not perceive in these carefully sustained and, so to speak, gracefully eked out sentences, with their familiar generalities, the mark of the man of thirty-three who is not yet ready to talk at large about life? A young writer is not able to put sufficient thought into a page. He is not full enough, not strong enough; and even if he have wisdom and information and thoughts to play with, he cannot command that tone of the ripened man that goes home. Our second passage is of a very familiar type, and occurs in “A Shelf in my Bookcase.” It refers to Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*:

This book has arrested, as never book did before, time and decay. Bozzy is really a wizard: he makes the sun stand still. Till his work is done, the future stands respectfully aloof. Out of ever-shifting time he has made fixed and permanent certain years, and in these Johnson talks and argues, while Burke listens, and Reynolds takes snuff, and Goldsmith, with hollowed hand, whispers a sly remark to his neighbour. There have they sat, these ghosts, for seventy years now, looked at and listened to by the passing generations; and there they still sit, the one voice going on! Smile at Boswell as we may, he was a spiritual phenomenon quite as rare as Johnson. More than most he deserves our gratitude. Let us hope that when next Heaven sends England a man like Johnson, a companion and listener like Boswell will be provided. The Literary Club sits for ever. What if the Mermaid were in like eternal session, with Shakespeare’s laughter ringing through the fire and hail of wit!

On this we will only remark that if we were to offer a prize for the best essay on the same subject we should expect to find a passage of this kind in sixty per cent. of the essays sent to us. The device is not at all objectionable; but young essayists, and old men who take to essay writing, wallow in it. Talking too much at large himself (and without the sanction which he urges on others) the present writer has exhausted his space, and has almost certainly done some little injustice to Alexander Smith. This brave and genial man had but thirty-seven years in which to know life and write about it, and he did sound work. A young writer will do well to make his acquaintance, and keep it.

Things Seen.

Progress.

ON three sides the heather sweeps up to the walls of the little inn, but on the fourth a narrow strip has been fenced off from the moorland, and in the middle of it stands a flaring notice-board, lettered hideously in red and yellow, "Nonpareil Beer-Garden." The garden is represented by two bare grass-plots marked off with white stones, four starveling laurels in tubs (one at each corner), and under the laurels four trestle tables with rude wooden benches.

Here, one summer morning, I lounged on a seat under the notice-board, and looked lazily across the heather, dark and bright with racing cloud-shadows, down to the city, that was only a blur of smoke, with the gilded vane of a spire shining through. The proprietor, an apple-cheeked old gentleman, with grey hair and very bright eyes, brought out a tray and glasses and we drifted into conversation.

No, he didn't find it lonely up here. There were always visitors coming up from the town, and then he read a great deal. Two penny weekly papers he shared with a neighbour, and he took in a halfpenny daily besides. That was the way to pass the time. "Why, this garden, now," he said, looking round proudly; "I got the idea of it from reading about those cafés on the Continent. It's been a big success, I tell you. Next year I'll plant more laurels, and I'm thinking of buying a gramophone—I'm for progress, I am"—he wound up, emphatically. I looked at the ricketty tables and the shrivelled laurels, and then out beyond them, to the miles of waving heather with the moorfowl wheeling and crying in the sunshine—and I wondered.

Sentiment.

THE last rattle of the train died away in the distance, and I stepped down the hill, drawing in great breaths of the keen salt air. In front the land rose and fell in long monotonous ridges, the roadside poplars were warped and stunted, and the long lines of telegraph wires running down to the cable station thrummed mournfully overhead.

The big raw-boned farmer who was my guide strode on ahead, flinging back an occasional remark over his shoulder. His conversation was all of crops and prices, of a horse he had bought for twenty pounds: shrewd and intelligent as far as it went, but certainly narrow. In practical affairs I knew him to be capable and resolute, one of a race of notable agriculturists, but of any trace of sentiment or romance I judged him guiltless. And then in the dusk we came to the little cemetery. It stood on a spit of land that ran far out to sea, and seemed in the half-light to be deserted and uncared for. Long rows of gulls perched solemnly on the mouldering tombstones, and the big rollers sweeping in beat noisily on the wall, drenching the seaward graves in showers of spray.

Here were buried the heroes of the countryside; the men who had plucked the land back from the jaws of the sea, who had turned the sandhills into cornfields, drained the marshes, and beaten back, inch by inch, the invading waves. My companion paused for a moment over a battered inscription: "He was drowned trying to save his lambs in the big gale of '81," he said slowly; another had driven a road across the big swamp near the railway station; a third, who lay beside him, had turned thirty acres of sand and heather into a thriving farm—and recounting these simple histories, there was a thrill in his voice I had not heard before.

As we turned to go, he laid a hand on my arm and pointed back: "As if they were alive," he whispered. Following his glance, I saw the ordered lines of tombstones, drawn up like soldiers on parade, all facing the sea.

The Fallow Fields of Fiction.

III.

IN previous articles we have attempted to show that much of modern life is ignored by the novelist, who, pre-occupied with love-affairs, persists in wholly disregarding the organic existence of communities, and we have given an illustration, in the shape of a brief description of an imaginary story, called *The Cathedral*, of the sort of novel, dealing with life in the communal mass, which might be written, but is not written—at any rate in England. Lest that illustration may be considered too grandiose and exceptional to rank as a fair average example (we admit that it is almost unique), we propose now to give one or two other instances of rich life-ore from which a new fiction might be "got" by any novelist who does not deem himself bound to do nothing that has not been done before.

We were going through a famous park a few weeks since, and the road, leaving the park, ascended to a high bridge, and gave a surprisingly sudden view of the London and North Western main line. To the right, the quadruple "way," proudly styled "permanent," stretched for a thousand yards in an absolutely straight line to the next bridge, where it vanished on a curve: and the thousand yards looked like a hundred. To the left lay the station, a country-side station, but spacious and commanding, like everything on the North Western, specklessly clean, painfully in order—not a truck or a fire-bucket out of place. Four enamelled signs, white on a profound blue, proclaimed the legend, "Cheddington," at distances mathematically calculated. As we looked on the complex and immense apparatus of rails and wires and posts and levers and platforms and granite chippings, lifeless, and apparently deserted in the fierce sunshine of the summer afternoon, the romance, the humanity, and the passions of a great railway system seemed to rise up and overwhelm us. We thought of Kipling's line, as essential truth:

Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

We thought, too, of a little German *frau* whom we had once known, whose chief pride was that her husband, an Englishman, was a booking-clerk at Paddington. No one ever saw that husband, because he was always giving out tickets for the Thames Valley, Devonshire, and Wales. Imprisoned in a cabinet from morn till night, he selected with unerring precision magic bits of cardboard from hundreds of square holes, so that people, labelled with these, might be carried, like parcels, from one spot on the earth's surface to another. At night he went home to his loving wife, and during the day his wife walked about in the radiance reflected from his singular calling. And the curious, the interesting, thing is, that her acquaintances accepted her pride in this clerkship as justifiable and proper. It *did* give her a distinction lacking to other *fraus* of her status, and no one mentioned her without mentioning that her husband was a booking-clerk at Paddington. Here was another aspect of a great railway system. We thought, also, of the departures of the Scotch expresses from Euston in the last race to the north: twenty thousand pounds' worth of rolling-stock upstanding motionless till the second's-hand of the stationmaster's chronometer showed precisely, to the least infinitesimal fraction, ten o'clock; the calm and yet self-conscious step of the young engineer, in blue, with a bowler-hat, as he made his way to the engine and assumed command for those breathless journeys over the wise greybeard who had driven engines before he was born; the expectant hush, the final slam, whistle, and flag-waving, and then the slow and stately withdrawal from the precincts of the station. So that was the Scotch express! It was nothing after all! And yet what could be more impressive,

romantic? Can one wonder that Reuter and the Central News followed it mile by mile, and as July advanced to August the record of its feats got nearer to the middle page of the newspaper, and the top of the column in that page? We thought, too, of a conversation we had had with a porter on a tiny branch line about the grand altercation between directors and men at Stockport, and with what a sad, shrewd air he gave up the men for lost. "The directors won't stand no nonsense." *The directors*—his accent as he spoke that word, with a kind of fearful pride in those terrible autocrats—his accent alone was worth a paragraph. And is not the whole system worth a novel, worth a whole school of novels? Despite the recent indictment by Mr. H. G. Wells, a railway corporation like the London and North Western represents the limit of modern powers of organisation. It is "made like a gun," disciplined like the British navy, and fifteen thousand pounds of net profit trickle into Euston every day! It glitters with the pride of life—it is as proud of itself as a girl in a new frock, or a certain regiment of Lancers. It is "crack." It throbs from end to end with "the human interest," you simply can't get away from humanity on a railway. Look into the cabin at the level crossing, where the venerable and maimed porter ends his days; look at the director's mansion, park, yacht, private car; look at the maiden lady at Cheltenham, whose happiness for the next twelve months depends on whether the company pays seven or seven-and-a-half! Crude contrasts, you say! Just so: a contrast cannot be too crude; the biggest effects are always crude. What we want is a little more crudeness and a little less fining and refining. Lord, give us plot: that is what the modern fashionable novelist should pray. We can fancy Providence directing him to a railway, and him protesting that there is no love in a railway system—as if Cupid was not seated on every signal-post! But of course he would not perceive these Cupids unless the General Manager fell in love with the signalman's daughter!

So much for railways. Take a parish council. We know a village which is dominated by a single landowner, a plain man, who, by inheritance and purchase, has added acre to acre till he farms, personally farms, a superficies of mother-earth three times the size of the City of London. He owns all the houses in the village, and he employs nearly all the men in the village, directly or indirectly. And yet he is such a very plain man that once when he asked us our profession he exclaimed, on our reply: "An author, what's that?" Now there was an election of the parish council in that village, eight seats and nine nominations. The great landlord was among the candidates. The milkman, the grocer, a little farmer, a horse-dealer, and three others were elected, and the great landlord was placed ninth. The thing was reported in three lines in the local newspaper. But what intense dramatic significance in that silent rebuke so effectively administered by the village to its lord! Can you not imagine him lying awake at night and trying to laugh off the unanswerable verdict of the ballot-box? If such things happen elsewhere, one may assume that they happen also in Wessex, and that Mr. Hardy knows of them. Yet none could guess from the noble series of Wessex novels that Wessex had any corporate life within its borders. Why should this be so? If any man asserts that corporate life is not a fit subject for fiction, we merely and flatly traverse the statement. We feel that it is, and we are convinced that, for example, the incident which we have briefly narrated contains the basis of an admirable short story; also that Balzac would have written that story had time and circumstances permitted. Go a step higher, and take the municipal life of an industrial town. If you wish to see a town alive, strenuously alive beneath a calm surface, see it immediately before the decennial assessment for

local taxes. Then you will have glimpses of a thousand intrigues, knotted, interwoven, inexpressibly mixed, and all circling round the solitary and awful figure of the assessor. How difficult it is to believe, in these tense days, that the assessor is a human being like yourself; that he is not a sort of blind god! We remember the wind of rage and exasperation that roared through a town when it turned out that the assessment of the house of the assessor's brother had been lowered, while that of a precisely similar house next door was unaltered. And yet not a house-owner in the town—not a churchwarden, a local preacher, a magistrate, or Sunday-school superintendent—but had been ready to jeopardise his immortal soul if, by so doing, he could have got five pounds off his house or factory! If the principal aim of the novel should be, as it is, to show forth character under circumstances of drama, there are few phenomena that could surpass in suitability for it the assessment of property in a town that sends a Radical to Parliament.

We might roam further, and discover many more fallow-fields which await their tillage. But space forbids, and if we have not already said enough to prove our point, we could never prove it, and we have spoken in vain. Naturally, the literary superstition that a man ceases to be interesting when he ceases to be idle (in the ordinary sense of the word "idle"), and that the novelist must not follow him into the serious affairs of his life, the affairs which force him into this community or that, the affairs which will absorb him long after he has forgotten that he ever kissed a girl behind a haystack or said Bo! to another gander—this superstition will expire slowly. Still, we think it will expire.

In conclusion, let us repeat what we stated in our first article, namely, that we have no wish to deride Love, either as an activity of man or as a subject of the novelist's art. We think it is the best. But we emphatically demur to the proposition that Love is Life. It is a part of Life, and of most lives only a very small part.

E. A. B.

Do Readers Read?

THE above question is one that suggests itself from time to time, when the immense supply of literature and the attainments of the average man or woman happen to be presented to the mind at the same moment. Do people really read? And how much, and how well? These questions are considered in an interesting paper in the *New York Critic*, written by Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, who supports his views by some rather extraordinary statistics. We have not space to print either the whole of his arguments or the whole of his figures; but the following portions of his article are interesting.

Those who are interested in the proper use of our libraries are asking continually, "What do readers read?" and the tables of class-percentages in the annual reports of those institutions show that librarians are at least making an attempt to satisfy these queries. But a question that is still more fundamental and quite as vital is: "Do readers read at all?" This is not a paradox, but a common-sense question, as the following suggestive little incident will show. The librarian-in-charge of a crowded branch circulating-library in New York City had occasion to talk, not long ago, to one of her "star" borrowers, a youth who had taken out his two good books a week regularly for nearly a year, and whom she had looked upon as a model—so much so that she had never thought it necessary to advise with him regarding his reading. In response to a question, this lad made answer somewhat as follows: "Yes, ma'am, I'm doing pretty well with my reading. I think I should get on

nicely if I could only once manage to read a book through; but somehow I can't seem to do it." This boy had actually taken to his home nearly a hundred books, returning each regularly and borrowing another, without reading to the end of a single one of them.

That this case is not isolated and abnormal, but is typical of the way in which a large class of readers treat books, there is, as we shall see, only too much reason to believe.

The facts are peculiarly hard to get at. At first sight there would seem to be no way to find out whether the books that our libraries circulate have been read through from cover to cover, or only half through, or not at all. To be sure, each borrower might be questioned on the subject as he returned his book, but this method would be resented as inquisitorial, and, after all, there would be no certainty that the data so gathered were true. By counting the stamps on the library book-card or dating-slip we can tell how many times a book has been borrowed, but this gives us no information about whether it has or has not been read. Fortunately for our present purpose, however, many works are published in a series of volumes, each of which is charged separately, and an examination of the different slips will tell us whether or not the whole work has been read through by all those who borrowed it. If, for instance, in a two-volume work each volume has gone out twenty times, twenty borrowers either have read it through or have stopped somewhere in the second volume, while if the first volume is charged twenty times and the second only fourteen, it is certain that six of those who took out the first volume did not get as far as the second. In works of more than two volumes we can tell with still greater accuracy at what point the reader's interest was insufficient to carry him further.

Such an investigation has been made of all works in more than one volume contained in seven branches of the Brooklyn Public Library, and with very few exceptions it has been found that each successive volume in a series has been read by fewer persons than the one immediately preceding. What is true of books in more than one volume is presumably also true, although perhaps in a less degree, of one-volume works, although we have no means of showing it directly. Among the readers of every book, then, there are generally some who, for one reason or other, do not read it to the end. Our question, "Do readers read?" is thus answered in the negative for a large number of cases. The supplementary question, "Why do not readers read?" occurs at once, but an attempt to answer it would take us rather too deeply into psychology. Whether this tendency to leave the latter part of books unread is increasing or not we can tell only by repeating the present investigation at intervals of a year or more. The probability is that it is due to pure lack of interest. For some reason or other, many persons begin to read books that fail to hold their attention. In a large number of cases this is doubtless due to a feeling that one "ought to read" certain books and certain classes of books. A sense of duty carries the reader part way through his task, but he weakens before he has finished it.

This shows how necessary it is to stimulate one's general interest in a subject before advising him to read a book that is not itself calculated to arouse and sustain that interest. Possibly the modern newspaper habit, with its encouragement of slipshod reading, may play its part in producing the general result, and doubtless a careful detailed investigation would reveal still other partial causes, but the chief and determining cause must be lack of interest. And it is to be feared that instead of taking measures to arouse a permanent interest in good literature, which would in itself lead to the reading of standard works and would sustain the reader until he had finished his task, we have often tried to replace such an interest by a fictitious and temporary stimulus, due to appeals to duty,

or to that vague and confused idea that one should "improve one's mind," unaccompanied by any definite plan of ways and means. There is no more powerful moral motor than duty, but it loses its force when we try to apply it to cases that lie without the province of ethics. The man who has no permanent interest in historical literature, and who is impelled to begin a six-volume history because he conceives it to be his "duty" to read it, is apt to conclude, before he has finished the second volume, that his is a case where inclination (or in this instance disinclination) is the proper guide.

That the falling off from beginning to end in long works is striking would appear from the following figures showing the borrowings of separate works in numerous volumes:

	Vol. I.	Vol. II.	Vol. III.	Vol. IV.	Vol. V.	Vol. VI.
HISTORY.						
Bancroft, "United States"	22	10	6	8	10	8
Hume, "England"	24	7	5	2	1	1
Gibbon, "Rome"	38	12	7	3	4	6
Motley, "United Netherlands"	7	1	1	1		
Prescott, "Ferdinand and Isabella"	20	4	2			
Carlyle, "French Revolution"	18	10	8			
McCarthy, "Our Own Times"	27	8	11			
BIOGRAPHY.						
Bourienne, "Memoirs of Napoleon"	18	18	9	7		
Longfellow, "Life"	6	4	2			
Carlyle, "Frederick the Great"	7	3	2	2	2	
FICTION.						
Dumas, "Vicomte de Bragelone"	31	30	24	22	11	16
Dumas, "Monte Cristo"	27	17	18			
Dickens, "Our Mutual Friend"	5	4	1	0		
Stowe, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"	37	24				

Of course, these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are sufficiently interesting apart from all comment. One would hardly believe without direct evidence that of thirty-one persons who began one of Dumas's romances scarcely half would read it to the end, or that not one of five persons who essayed Dickens's *Mutual Friend* would succeed in getting through it.

Those who think that there can be no pathos in statistics are invited to ponder this table deeply. Can anyone think unmoved of those two dozen readers who, feeling impelled by desire for an intellectual stimulant to take up Hume, found therein a soporific instead and fell by the wayside?

Correspondence.

Double Rhymes.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of July 13 you quote, with approval, Mr. J. Williams's "Crushing Exposure." Mr. Williams's double rhymes are ingenious, but there are only five of them, and of the five one is the property of an earlier rhymist. When Mr. Williams tells us

The shares rose first, and there was fun
For us and Floater for a fortnight,
Until they fell a point in one
Short night,

he reminds us of the parodist whose wandering maiden's sceptical parents

For the work of that cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without tea for a fortnight.

To use Calverley's words, *double* "rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours," are the outcome of so much ingenuity, that a good one is as much private property as a pun of Hood or of Charles Lamb. There is no copyright in such things, but that makes the point of honour the more bind-

ing. And we are not to suppose, of course, that a rhymist so accomplished as Mr. Williams has forgotten "The Willow Tree." You say, rightly, that Mr. Williams's verses are "lineal from Calverley." In your account of Calverley's verse, on p. 28 of the ACADEMY, you give a list of writers of light verse who owe their dexterity in the use of rhyme to their classical training. And you omit W. M. Thackeray! What, in English verse of this kind, is more rapid and skilfully easy than the double rhymes of "Peg of Limavaddy," or the "White Squall"? Thackeray's verse, not less than his Addisonian yet perfectly individual prose, shows in every word the tradition of classical training. I do not disparage Mr. Williams; but let us have no injustice to Thackeray.—I am, etc.,

GAHAGAN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 95 (New Series).

THE terms of our competition last week were as follows:

On page 25* will be found an extract from a paper contributed to the new *Rambler* by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, entitled "The Desire of the Star for the Moth." Assuming that James Boswell reads this essay to Dr. Samuel Johnson in the Elysian Fields, it is probable that an interesting conversation between this Great Star (the Doctor) and this Great Moth (Bozzy) will ensue. For the best imaginative report of their remarks on Mr. Le Gallienne's substance and style we offer a prize of One Guinea. Contributions should be in the form of dramatic dialogue, and should not exceed 300 words.

* The passage quoted from Mr. Le Gallienne's paper was as follows:

The Desire of the Moth for the Star has been made proverbial by a great Poet; but, so far as I am aware, no one has remarked that the Attraction is mutual, and that perhaps the Desire of the Star for the Moth in certain Cases is even more passionate than the Desire of the Moth for the Star.

Of course, there are very big successful Stars who affect that the Hero-worshiper Moth is a Nuisance, and build themselves about with Bastions of Privacy, through which no Ray of their Shining can reach the most persevering Moth—but then, you see, they are so sure of their Moths. I wonder if the Time should come when the Flocks of little Pilgrims up to their dizzy Radiance begin to slacken, and the Roar of Moth-Wings outside their guarded Country-seats to grow fainter—and it has happened so with some very great Stars indeed!—if they would not become a little insecure in their Feeling of Starriness, and perhaps even at last unshutter a Window, and let slip a Beam of their celestial Selves; lest the Moths should grow discouraged, and perhaps cease coming at all.

I have heard that some Stars of this Magnitude charge the Moth Half a Guinea for their Autographs—strictly, of course, for the Benefit of the Hospitals. Such Stars are, you can imagine, very sure of themselves. But there is another Kind of big Star that makes quite as fine a Blaze as those of which I have been speaking, yet it is by no means so unsocial; on the Contrary, is smilingly, even eagerly accessible to every Moth that is so kind and appreciative as to take the Trouble to call with its Homage. It often, indeed, asks the Moth to stay for Lunch, and makes it promise to be sure to come again.

For this Kind of Star Press-cutting Agencies were invented, and my Belief is that the Secret of its Affability lies in a hidden Dread within its Heart that it is not really a fixed Star at all, but only a Comet. It dare not, however, admit this, even in the Silence of its own Soul, so it seeks to drown the hideous Whisper in the murmurous Cloud of the Moths.

We award the prize to the Rev. R. F. McCausland, Whitby, for the following:

BOSWELL: I remember, sir, a simile of yours in the *Rambler* in which you say: "An elevated genius employed in little things appears like the sun in his evening declination: he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less." Pray what is your opinion of this author, who uses a somewhat similar metaphor in his musings on the Desire of the Star for the Moth?

[Boswell reads Le Gallienne's article.]

JOHNSON: What hybrid concoction have we here? Prose or Poetry? "Si concionatur, cantat, si cantat male cantat." The approach of the Moth to the candle is an indubitable fact; the Desire of the Moth for the Star is a ridiculous impossibility.

BOSWELL: But is not the Desire of the Star for the Moth a sublime image?

JOHNSON: Sublime fiddlesticks! How can we predicate desire as an attribute of an inanimate constellation? When Mr. Addison exclaims of the planets:

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,"

there is sublimity in the expression. But this metaphor of the Star and Moth, with its parabolic application to great men and their parasites, is to me a ludicrous conceit. "Bastions of privacy"—a commendable phrase, but how could a Star construct anything? No, sir! the writer is more demented than Kit Smart. Christopher in his "Song to David" would not have collocated Stars and Moths:

"O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe,
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type:
The Lion and the Bee."

Lion and Bee, though distinct, are on the same plane of creation; but Star and Moth, preposterous absurdity! I would incarcerate in Bedlam such depravers of metaphor.

Other replies are as follows:

[Powell has just finished reading the article.]

BOSWELL: Well, sir, and what is your opinion of this gentleman?

JOHNSON: Why, sir, that he is a monstrously impudent fellow, and much concerned to belittle his betters.

BOSWELL: Then you would hold him to be rather a Moth than a Star?

JOHNSON: Why, no, sir—neither the one nor the other; but rather one of those idle persons who neither give admiration nor command it.

BOSWELL: Then you would not consider it unworthy of a man of sense to wait on the opinions of great men?

JOHNSON: No, sir! So long as he act with wit and discrimination, such an attitude is both agreeable and decorous.

BOSWELL: So I have always found. And may not the Man of Talent also take pleasure in the respect of his friends?

JOHNSON: Why, of his friends, sir, yes; no man should be insensible to the opinion of his friends. But this person would accuse us of desiring the flattery of fools, and even of inviting it.

BOSWELL: I see no cause, sir, why he makes so great a pother over the adulation of the ignorant.

JOHNSON: Why, because he has never experienced it; and only persons of superior mind can be satisfied with their own esteem.

BOSWELL: It is said that he is a person of nice habits, and takes pride in the beauty of his hair.

JOHNSON: Well sir, I had rather he spent his time in adorning his own person than in defiling the English language.

BOSWELL: Indeed, his manner of writing does not please me.

JOHNSON: Nor me, sir. There is in it a particularity, a laborious search after the fantastick.

BOSWELL: The earlier *Ramblers* were not written thus.

JOHNSON: No, sir! they were excellently well written. Nor would I have permitted wings to roar, or beams to slip.

BOSWELL: What, sir, would you have said had a person sent half a guinea for your signature?

JOHNSON: Sir, I should have said he was a fool.

BOSWELL: And how would you have acted?

JOHNSON: Why sir, I should have taken the money. Intelligent persons should always be ready to profit by the excesses of the foolish.

[E. U., London.]

"The ghost of the *Rambler*—," I began; but my great and erudite friend would not suffer me to proceed.

"Enough, sir!" said Doctor Johnson. "This fellow, I perceive, is a coxcomb. Tell him to resume the darning of the Golden Slut's stockings." [J. T. P., Brighton.]

Only four other 1 es received.

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"Done are Shakespeare's dayes:

His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes. . . .

For, though his line of life went soone about,

The life yet of his lines shall never out."—HUGH HOLLAND.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, July 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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